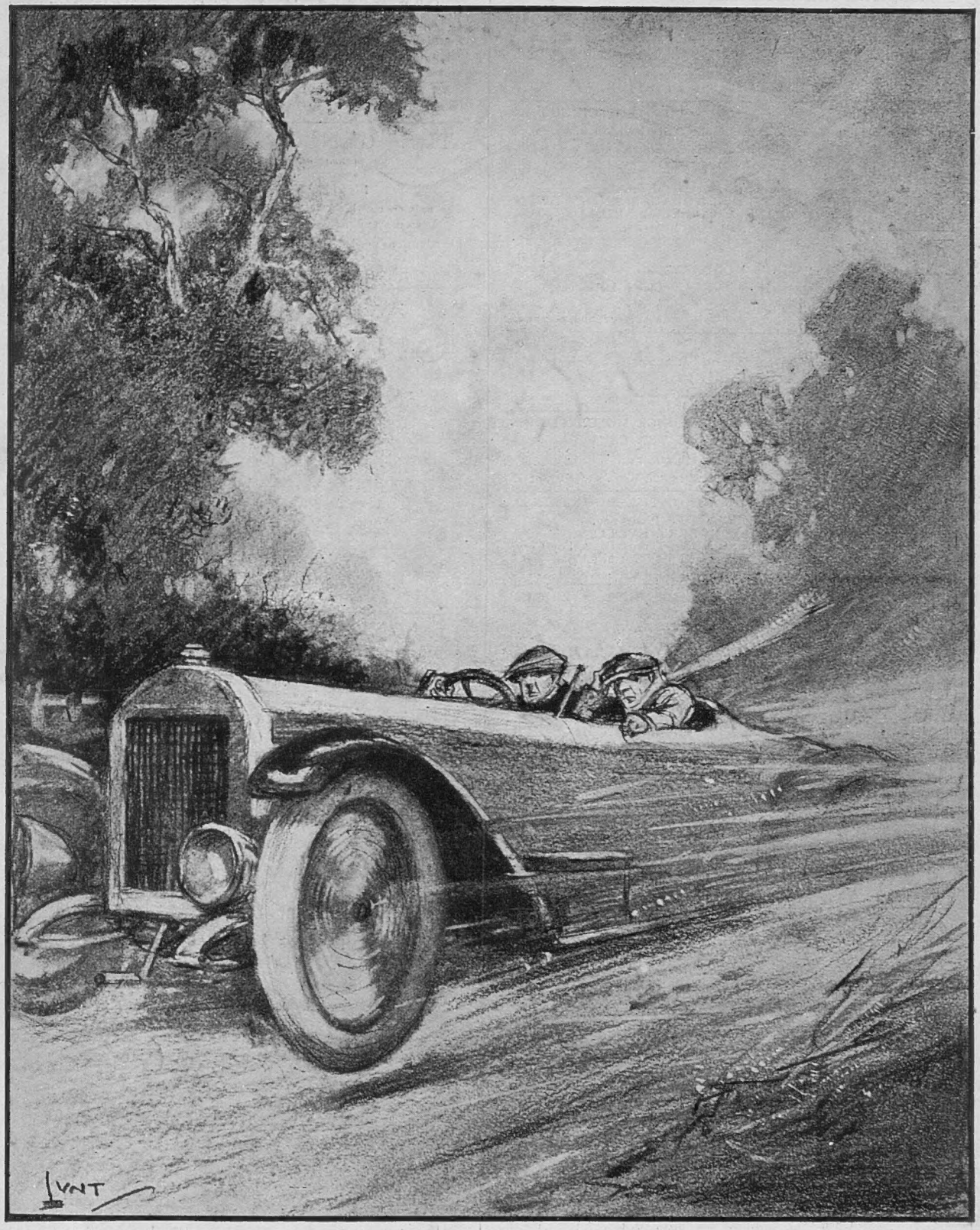
The Bystander, November 5, 1919. No. 831. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER



DRIVER: "FINE VIEW, ISN'T IT?"
PASSENGER: "YES—IT WAS!"

BY WILMOT LUNT

ENTERTAINMENTS

EMPIRE. Gerr. 3527.
ALFRED BUTT presents
Serge Diaghileff's Season of
RUSSIAN BALLETS
Evenings, 8.30. Mat., Sats., 2.30.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7541.) 2.30 and 7.45 p.m.
GROCK & PARTNER, CLARICE MAYNE & "THAT" ARTHUR PRINCE & "JIM," MARIE NORDSTROM, DU CALION, THE BANVARDS. Etc.

HIPPODROME, LONDON. "JOY-BELLS!"
ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S 9TH HIPPODROME REVUE.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8.30.
(REVUE starts at 2.50 p.m. and 8.50 p.m.)
GEORGE ROBEY, Leon Errol, etc.
IN PREPARATION: 2nd EDITION.

PALLADIUM. OXFORD CIRCUS, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, November 3.
RUTH VINCENT, LITTLE TICH, NORAH BLANEY & GWEN FARRAR, MARY MAYFREN & CO., ELLA SHIELDS, JACK PLEASANTS, BARKER & TARLING, Varieties,

ADELPHI. (Gerr. 2645).
"WHO'S HOOPER?"
W. H. BERRY, Marjorie Gordon, Cicely Debenham, Robert Michaelis.
Evenings at 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat., at 2.

ALHAMBRA. Every Evening at 8.
Mats. Wed., Thurs., Sat. at 2.15.
"EASTWARD HO."
Violet Loraine. Ralph Lynn.

COURT. MAURICE MOSCOVITCH in
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"
MARY GREY as PORTIA
Every Evening at 8. MATINÉES, WED. and SAT. at 2.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production.
(Under the direction of ROBERT EVETT).
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Pop Cory, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, and José COLLINS.
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINÉES, TUES. & SATS. at 2.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Mlle. GINA PALERME
in a New Musical Comedy
"THE GIRL FOR THE BOY."
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINÉES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

GLOBE. ('Phone Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR.
Every Evening at 8.15. Matinées, Weds. and Sats. at 2.15.
"THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET."
MARIE LÖHR, ARTHUR WONTNER, NORMAN McKINNEL.

LYRIC.
"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"
By Richard Walton Tully
Evenings at 8. Wed. and Sat., at 2.15.

PRINCES THEATRE. Nightly at 8.15.
GILBERT and SULLIVAN OPERAS.
"THE MIKADO."
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

QUEEN'S. Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Thurs. and Sats., 2.30.
"THE CINDERELLA MAN."
Owen Nares
Sydney Valentine. E. Holman Clark.
Renee Kelly.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. HENRY AINLEY
in Tolstoy's "REPARATION."
"A great actor in a great play"—*Daily Sketch.*
Every Evening at 8.30. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE. (Gerrard 1243)
If you are over 21 and want to Laugh, See
"THE VERY IDEA!"
Evenings at 8.45. Mats., Tues., Fri. and Sats., at 2.30.

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Royal Society of Portrait Painters and Royal Society of Miniature Painters.
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WILL YOU HELP THE CHURCH ARMY

Our Huts and Tents are still serving the Armies of Occupation whilst

AFTER-WAR AID

is now being given by many branches, helping Disabled and Discharged Men to re-establish themselves, and easing distress and difficulty wherever found.

THE NEED IS GREAT.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's a c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

DAVOS (Switzerland, 5-6000ft.) affords the BEST CLIMATE and the BEST CONDITIONS for CURING CONSUMPTION. English Doctor, English Church, British Consulate. English Library, &c. Information from Thos. Cook & Son, or Swiss Federal Railways, 11b, Regent St., London, S.W.1.

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will pay to the legal personal representative of the bona fide holder of the Coupon Insurance Ticket:

£2,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to a railway train, public omnibus, tramcar or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a ticke (or pass) bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger.

Or will pay to such holder should such accident cause non-fatal injury to such holder.

£1,000 for the lost of Two Limbs by actual separation at or above the wrist or ankle, or

£500 for the Loss of One Limb as above defined.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following specia conditions which are of the essence of the contract, viz :—

1. That such death or loss shall occur within thirty days after and as the direct and sole result of the injury.
2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.
3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his or her usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, so signed shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.
5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday, the 3rd day of November, 1919, until midnight of Wednesday, the 12th day of November, 1919.

This insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED ACT, 1890," except so far as the same are altered by the term and special conditions above stated

Signature of holder.....

Bystander Comments

Bill Gawber Orates

"WELL, Bill," I asked, in the rallying mood which will one day drive my friend to man-slaughter, "how are you getting on? How many rats did you kill during National Rat Week?"

"I seems ter 'ave left some out," replied Bill, "since yer still paddin' yer 'oof in Piccadilly. Pity rats can't be blotted out like; it'd do me mate 'Erb a deal of good, with 'im chasin' pink 'uns whenever we get chucked out o' the Red Lion. Pity we can't (purple) well do in the (smoking) metaforerkal rats like Lloyd George, an' Curzon, an' all them (gory) torfs as fills up the winders o' the clubs, a-readin' the (ravaged) BYSTANDER an' swillin' sherry an' soda."

"Now, Bill, don't be bitter. A swell can't help being a swell. It was his misfortune to be born unemployed. And you wouldn't take on swells at the stone-yard, would you?"

"See 'em biled first. As if we 'adn't enough trouble at the yard, wot with Guvment inspectors, an' missionaries, an' aliens as come in ter do our job cheap. . . . Ar, that reminds me. . . ."

Bill Wags the Flag—

". . . YER fancy bloke, Lloyd George, 'e's copped it about aliens, ain't 'e? My, that done me good. When 'a saw the figgers, 'a larfed! never larfed so much since me mate Jim fell inter a vat a' khaki dye and was not only browned, but drowned. Oh, my! 'bout the ony time 'ole Jim got inter khaki! But wot was I sayin'? If yer'd ony shut yer (coruscated) mug I wouldn't lose meself in me ideers. Ar! yes, aliens I wos sayin'. So it ain't all up with the (pink) 'Ouse o' Commons, eh? They still got a kick in 'em, the (reptiles)!"

"Agreed, Bill, agreed. Ll. G. lost his amendment, even though he did win the War. But it's all right again; he's come to terms with the opposition, and the aliens will come over all right, in limited numbers."

—And Becomes Annoyed

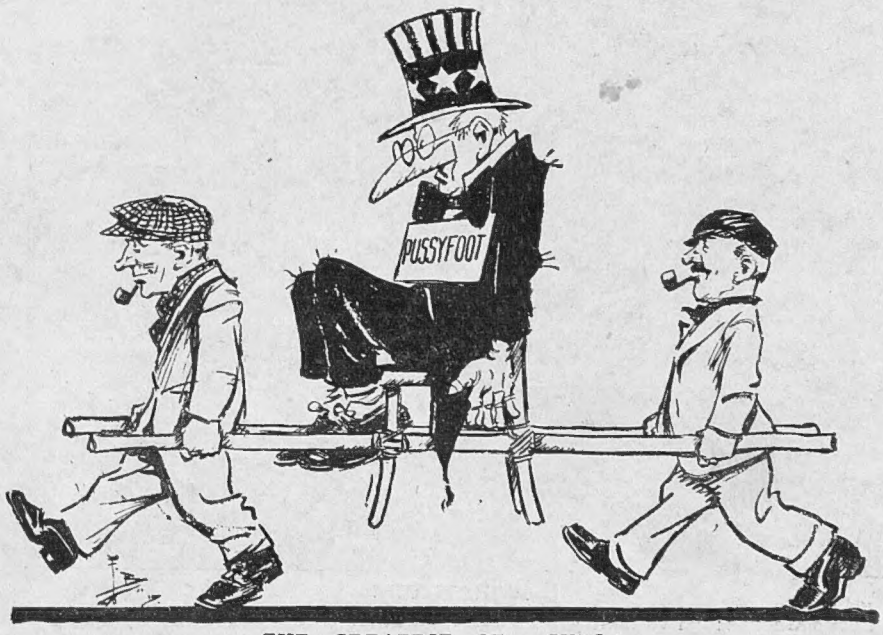
"WOT's that?" roared Bill. "Aliens come over? I'll—I'll see 'em biled first, like the swells. I tell yer we don't want no aliens 'ere. It's a free country, ain't it? Which means that it belongs ter me an' you, mostly ter me. We don't want no (petrified) Huns, an' Jugoslovaks, an' Italomoldines 'ere. See? Keep the wages up, sez I, an' the furrin' blackleg out."

"Agreed again, my dear fellow. But, you know, the row was all about keeping out French airmen, not foreign Gawbers."

"Oh," said Bill, thoughtfully, "that alters it. If it's ony airmen, if there ain't goin' ter be competishern at the yard, I sez let 'em in. It's a free country, ain't it? We ain't got a (gory) moral right ter keep anybody out."

Wrafs

"ANY'OW I sez, it's a mistake ter advertise the country ter the aliens. Same as 'appened ter the Glad-Air-Gells. Some sez as it's ruined their reputashern and takes ter callin' 'em the Riff-Wrafs, but, blime, they keeps their pennant flyin' all the same. My niece Mybel, as is in the City, she knows. 'Ow does she know? 'Cos she's on the line when Churchill is phonin' apologetic like ter Bottomley. Well, Mybel sez: Why are they demoberlisin' them gells? Why was there 6,000 in September an' ony goin' ter be 200 in January, she sez? 'Cos they're all gettin' married, she sez. 'Cos there's a matrimonial queue at their depot. An' all that 'cos they bin advertised.



THE GREATEST OF "GUYS"

BY FRED PUCHANAN

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Mikes Mybel sour like. We ain't got no chance, she sez; everybody sez we're respectable, she sez. Course she is respectable. Mybel can't 'elp 'er face. Pore Mybel!"

The "Cosy Season"

In old days—that, of course, means pre-war days—October to Christmas used to be the pleasantest time of the year in London—the "cosy season." Instead of struggling through cohorts of acquaintances at balls and "squashes," rushing from Hurlingham to Henley, from Ascot to Belgravia, as you had to do in the vortex of the "Season," you could sit and hold your friends' hands over buttered muffins or at pleasant little lunches and dinners. You could enjoy a play without the disturbing knowledge that you had to "go on" somewhere and try not to be turned into a pressed sardine in the halls of the really rich or the truly great. And everybody seemed much more human, kindly, and friendly, no matter the weather or the prevalence of influenza. In the "cosy season" you felt that an invitation meant friendliness, a desire for your company. In the "season" invitations mostly mean that you are a name on a list.

Photograph *Vandyk*

VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON

Well-known as an owner of race-horses, who has been so strikingly successful throughout the present racing season

A Close Time for Tiaras

Their Majesties of Spain and Norway always chose this season for their visits, and that added a very pleasant and unexpected gaiety, because many were the little parties and dinners got up *à l'improviste* in their honour. For five years there has been no "cosy season." But, praise the pigs and little fishes, we are having one now! And very delightful it is. Not quite so cosy, perhaps, as formerly, because London is still *choc-à-bloc*, and so many threads have been broken by the War. But it is a nearer approach to the old conditions than anything since the Armistice.

The Old Reality

I can see all your ears sitting up asking me, "Why?" Well, my children, just because money plays no part in the "cosy" season. Even in these days of multi-bulti-profiteers there is a close season for tiaras and the gilded butter of bursting opulence. And the final touch of the old reality has been given by the visit of King Alfonso, Queen Ena, and Queen Maud of Norway, who will spend a few days in London before she goes down to Appleton, her little house near Sandringham.

INGRATITUDE

Lloyd George: "I've built you all those beautiful castles in the air, and now you come to me and grumble because you have no house to live in whateffer!"

By Alfred Leete

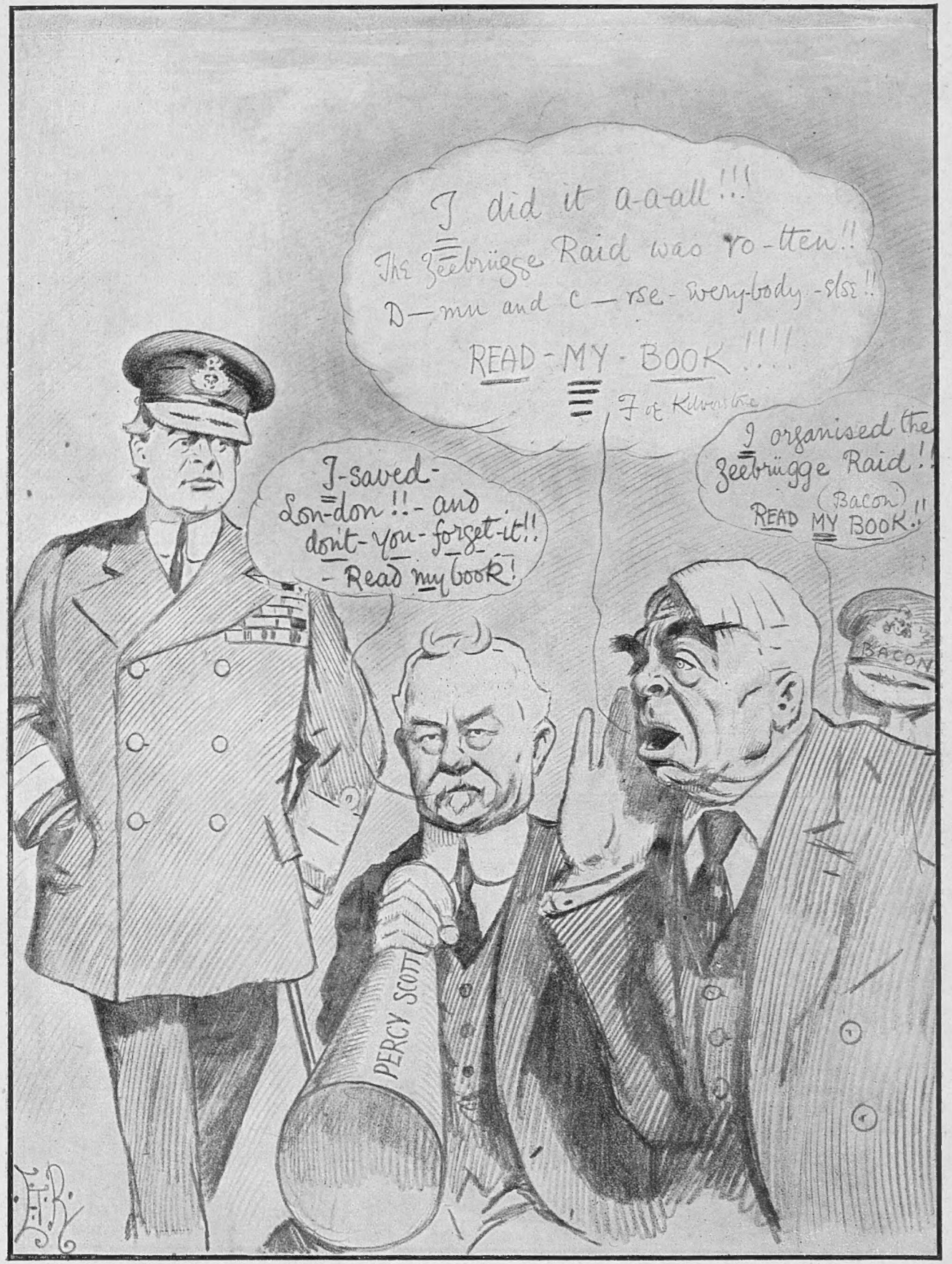
A Queen and a Fireplace

Appleton Hall, as all the world knows, was given by King Edward to his daughter, Queen Maud, on her marriage to her very *beau* husband, then Prince Charles of Denmark. Even Royal folk have domestic trials, and in the beginning of her residence at Appleton Queen Maud suffered an annoyance not unknown to householders of the humblest sort—a fireplace that belched forth smoke and smuts instead of comforting heat. Everything was tried—the poker placed upright against the bars to "draw the draught"; the outside sheet of the *Times* held across the opening "to draw the flame." Nothing was of any avail. Smoke and more smoke were the only result. Finally, in despair, Queen Maud sent for the architect who had made the alterations in the

(*Continued on page 410*)

Beatty and the Boomsters

OR, THE GREAT SILENT SERVICE



ADMIRAL LORD BEATTY: "Ve-ry in-teresting in-deed, Gentlemen—especially to our enemies. How would it be to print your Exposures in German straight away?—Save all the trouble and expense of translation, what?"

BY E. T. REED

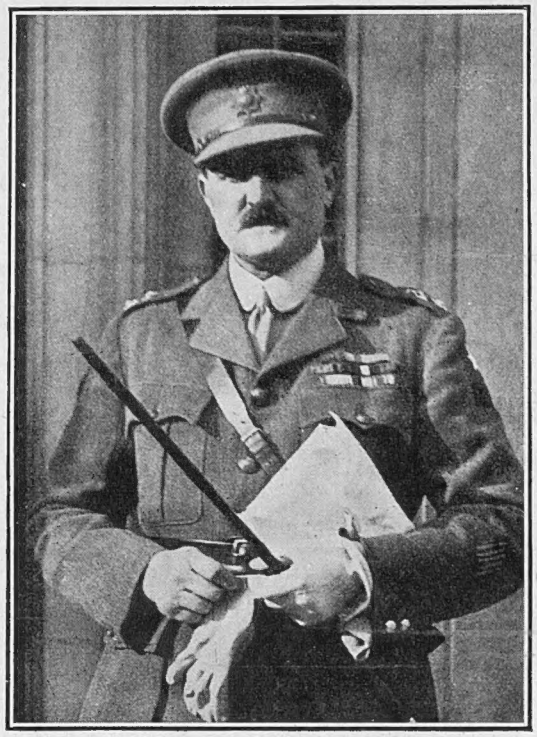
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

house. The Queen (as I have said, she was then Princess Charles) explained the trouble. The architect went down on his knees and looked up the chimney."

"Would your Royal Highness allow me to see the housemaid who has charge of this fireplace?" he asked.

The maid was summoned, and the architect then explained to her that all fireplaces with what is called a "register" will smoke unless the register is opened before a fire is lighted. That register had never been opened at all!

When the crestfallen maid had departed Queen Maud said, "I wonder which is the bigger goose—she or I? *I* never noticed that the register was down, and every time the fire has been lighted we've been smothered with soot!"



LIEUT.-COL. J. SHERWOOD-KELLY, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Who last week pleaded guilty at a court-martial to contravening military regulations by writing letters to the Press regarding the North-Russian campaign

Overheard

THE recent marriage in Paris of a lady—she wore a Duchess's strawberry leaves for more than a quarter of a century—to an officer some seventeen years younger than herself, was being discussed at a little dinner at Claridge's the other night.

"Why, this is Number Two since she became a widow!" said a young man.

His neighbour powdered her nose. "It only shows that you can make a habit of anything—even marriage," she murmured to the puff.

It seems to me that spitefulness is on the increase.

Frenchititis, Fisheritis, and Scottitis

WHERE is it going to stop? If any more of our leaders sit down and go for everybody we shall begin to think we had no business to win the War at all. Mr. Fortescue, the official historian of the War, has risen up in the *Quarterly* and told Lord French that the Victor of Ypres and Truth are not blood relations. Now who is going to find some new swear-words to out-match my Lord Fisher's lower-deck vernacular, and who is going to prove to Sir Percy Scott that even without him gunnery in the British Navy would really have been in existence?

Our Motor Supplement

WITH this issue of THE BYSTANDER is published a supplement, entitled "The Olympia Motor Show: A Peep Behind the Scenes," by "Old Hy." This supplement, which is profusely illustrated, also includes a delightful "double-page" by Heath Robinson.

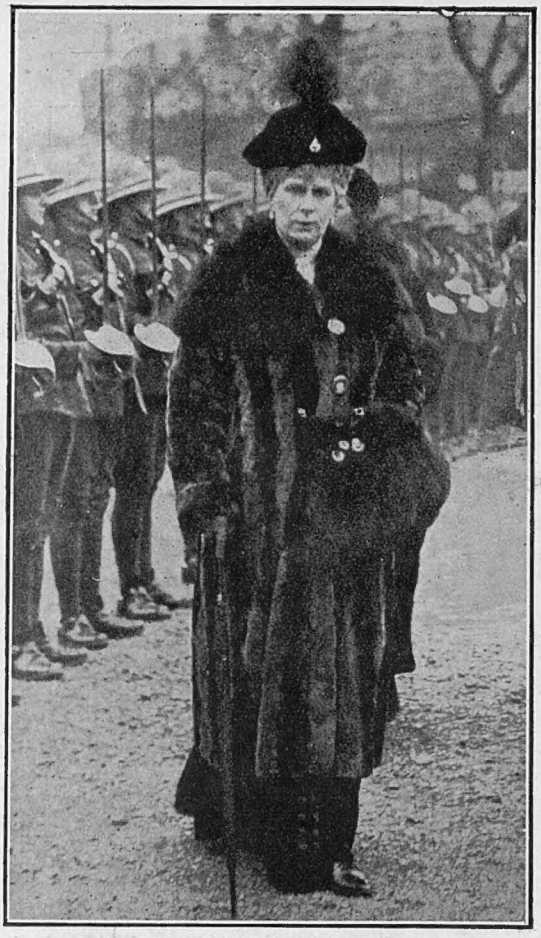
EARL HAIG AT THE LONDON SCOTTISH REUNION DINNER
On the right of the picture is Colonel Green, who presided, and on the left (in uniform) is Colonel Malcolm, who commanded the 1st Battalion London Scottish when it went out to France in 1914. The reunion was held at Olympia and was very largely attended

"Hope Springs Eternal"—But—

—Mr. Middle-Class Starts Thinking!

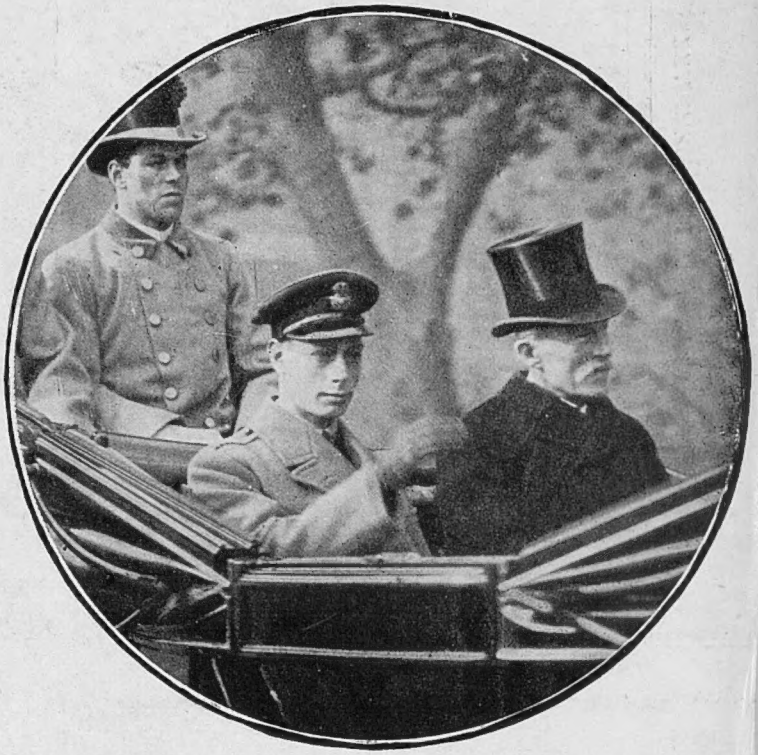
BY FRED. BUCHANAN

The Doings of the Week :



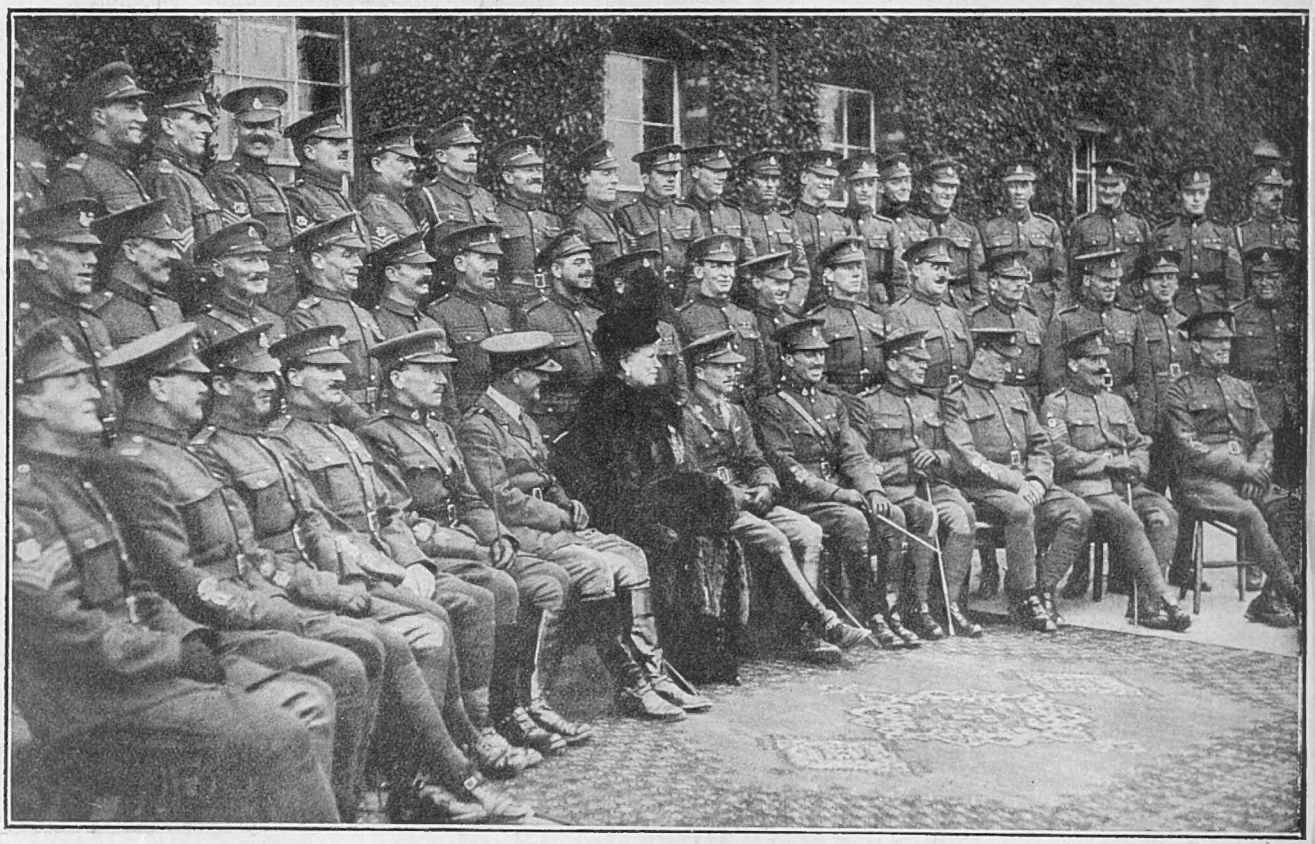
THE QUEEN INSPECTS

The 18th Hussars, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, at Hounslow Barracks



PRINCE ALBERT DRIVES

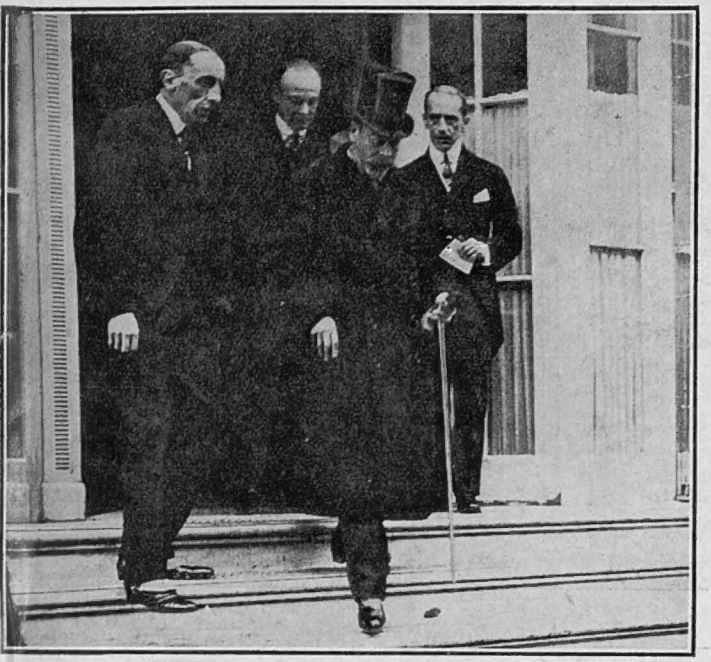
To the Guildhall to receive the Freedom of the City of London



HER MAJESTY PHOTOGRAPHED IN A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND MEN

Of the 18th Hussars at Hounslow Barracks after her inspection of the regiment last week before its departure for India

CELEBRITIES, ROYAL AND OTHERWISE, IN THE CURRENT NEWS



THE KING LEAVES THE RITZ HOTEL

After calling, with Her Majesty the Queen, upon the King of Spain

KING ALFONSO GREETS THE PREMIER

At the door of No. 10, Downing Street

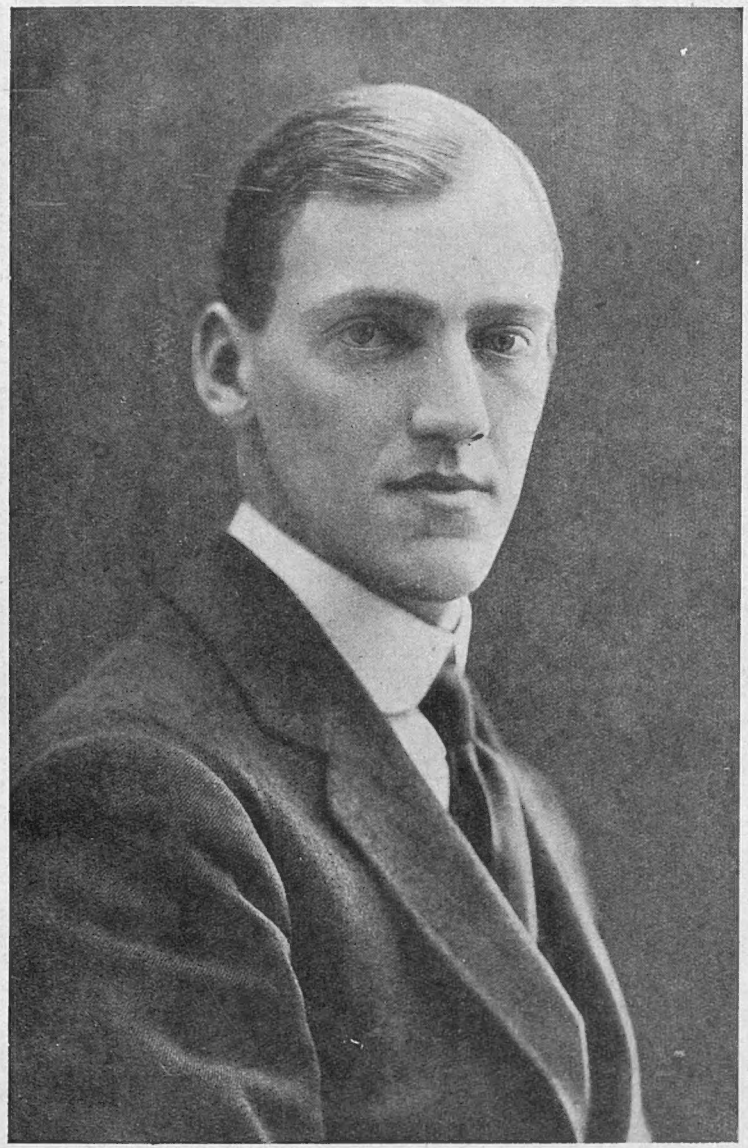
QUEEN ENA OF SPAIN

At Boulogne on Board the Channel Steamer on which she came over to join King Alfonso in London

EARLS HAIG AND BEATTY AT BOURNEMOUTH

Where they last week received the Freedom of the City, inspecting a local contingent of the Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers Federation

Royal Visitors to London: A Danish Prince and Princess



PRINCE AXEL OF DENMARK

AMONG Royal visitors who have been paying Autumn visits to London are Prince and Princess Axel of Denmark. The Prince is the second son of Prince Valdemar of Denmark and a cousin of King George. He is a lieutenant in the Danish Navy, is fond of flying, and has taken a certificate as an aviator

Photographs Bassano

PRINCESS AXEL OF DENMARK

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 3, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

WINTER'S here, or nearly. . . . Expenses are up and incomings down. . . . But it's all *very* merry *and* bright, here in England now.

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THE War? The War that only one short year ago still raged, and furiously? You can only ask yourself, a bystander in London—*was* there a War? Wiped out, they are, almost as clean as if they never were, all those signs and symbols of the great struggle—the khaki and blue and gold in the streets, the swarming soldier-men from overseas, the stress and strain, the wonder. . . .

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EVEN the mourning. . . . Some of us remember, of course, our sleeping heroes. And I think many an ex-battle-fighter, returned to civil life, feels like the one who wrote to me the other day: "It's rather a drop, isn't it, Blanche, dear, from the Great Game of War, in which one's fellow-players were the finest and best of all, and where one's religion was to stand by your fellow-man and give your life for your friend if need be—down to the old life of struggle to make both ends meet decently, where most people's religion is £ s. d.?

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"IT was with a very heavy heart that I put away my uniform last week, and I shall always look back upon the last five years with great wonder—as well as sorrow. The horrible hours, the awful sights, the cruel losses will be forgotten in the thoughts of the glorious deeds and fragrant memory of all the splendid men and women I have met in them. For those of us who remain, Blanche, it's a fine beginning to life—to 'live dangerously' for nearly a whole five years!"

"It was with a very heavy heart that I put away my uniform"

卐 卐

AND, of course, our pockets still feel the pinch of War. *That* particular cramp, I suppose, our children's children will feel, War being one of those expensive luxuries that no ordinary people, but only Courts and Governments, dream of indulging in.

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BUT for the rest—well, as I've said, more peace-time than in the time of peace when there *weren't* any wars, is life here in England now. "Staggering new estimates!" shrieked the newspaper headlines last week. But if anyone was staggered—I did not meet them, that's all!

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SO unconsciously, in fact, of their coming doom (or England's) did the little victims play, that *much* more interested, I found, were a young man and woman next me in the Tube, in a huge advertisement that flanked the "Staggering Deficit" remarks:

GRAND OPENING
of the
PALAIS DE DANSE
Largest and Most Luxurious Dancing Palace in Europe
TWO JAZZ BANDS
80 Lady and Gentlemen Instructors
TWO THOUSAND DANCERS

卐 卐

AS Mr. John Galsworthy says, in his newest book, "Saint's Progress"—*such* a marvellous speeder-up of Love is War! Or should I pretend he said

A huge advertisement that flanked the 'Staggering Deficit' remark'

"Shortage of everything . . . shirts . . ."

"Peace"? And, after all, when one is young—and Youth, after all, is all that matters—can't you remember, how *much* more important Two Jazz Bands were than the staggeringest deficit that ever staggered all the old financial experts who've ever been staggered since the world began?

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Alors! And to quote Mr. Galsworthy again—"*Life's* going to be the important thing in the future. Not comfort and cloistered virtue and security, but *living* and pressure to the square inch. All the old hard-and-fast traditions and drags on life are in the "melting-pot."

卐 卐

There are all those graves in France and Flanders, in Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia, in Egypt and Africa and India, and under the deep blue sea. But Life goes on. That is what one's got to remember when one thinks—"a year ago!"—and sees life as it is, in England now. We are, I think, a litle desperate, and we have, I think, sifted life's values. The modern attitude is defiant. As in Laurence Housman's "Concerning Kisses"—

When on Jordan's banks I stand,
Back to Life I'll kiss my hand;
When I draw my latest breath,
Then I'll blow a kiss to Death.

卐 卐

And not only defiant, also different. It is a new world we want to make, a world—oh! *quite* other than that dreadful one that went to awful War because. . . . Because—why *did* we go to war? And if we won—at oh! what fearful cost—the War, where are our winnings? Where is beaten Germany?

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Very of the new movement, of course, is the Nevinson painter-man, whose pictures momentarily intrigue the London world at the Leicester Galleries. "I wish," says this bright young spark—who obviously *hasn't* been short-circuited *à la* Douglas-Pennant *yet*, so very uppish is he—"to be thoroughly disassociated from every 'new' or 'advanced' movement; every form of 'ist,' 'ism,' 'post,' 'neo,' 'academic,' or 'unacademic.' Also, I refuse to use the same technical method to express such contradictory forms as a rock or a woman."

That is the new feeling—to wash out the crue old world, to make a new one, not, perhaps, a better one, but anyway a different one. Mr. Nevinson has succeeded in evolving, on canvas, at any rate, a startling one. Take his "Garden of Eden." . . . Well, facts are facts, of course, and Nature, we know, *is* Nature, the old sinner. But I do hope such Victorians as remain—and there's quite a lot about still—will miss this particular expression of absolutely original art. It's so *very* far from Leighton, and farther still from Poynter, is the Nevinsonian nude.

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"The nudest nudes in town," indeed, the Harmsworth Press calls them. And that's saying some for the pens that write for the *hoi polloi*—and seldom disappoint them. They include also a "Bacchus"—

. . . that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misuséd wine,

who's doing with a lady the newest, and yet oldest, tango step. And a "Pan"—

Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god—

and a "Hampstead Heath" that, as *Punch* would put it, looks like another libel action. Or has the War really made us wickeder? 卐 卐

"But I do hope such Victorians as remain . . . will miss this particular expression of absolutely original art"

Made us, anyway, very busy—making up for any grains of time we *might* have lost, don't you know? Such an autumn season! Everything *in excelsis*. Visiting monarchs. No-back frocks. Pussyfoots (with the Prime Minister's wife an active member). Disclosures — Fisherian, Fortescuian, Frenchian, Percy Scottian. Shortages—of *everything*, gold, silver, skirts, beef, butter, motor-cars. Divorces—"worse than the Mormons," someone's been calling us. Morals—wasn't it the Gloomy Dean who confessed *nothing* bored his audiences more than when he chatted to them of Heaven and Hell? All the same, such a nice world really, taken slowly. You ought to've seen the King of Spain simply revelling in it at the Ritz—very easy lies *that* head which wears a crown, I guess! And done his duty by the Spanish people, too! So, you see, you *can* be happy *and* good.—With love, yours ever, Blanche

Follow My Leader!

LLOYD GEORGE: "You see how I am leading the old gentleman along the right path"

BY ALFRED LEETE

The Prince with Canada's Mounted Police

SERGEANT-MAJOR GRIFFIN AND "BILLY"

The latter is the Sergeant-Major's wonderfully trained horse, and "Billy" is here seen doing "stunts" for the Prince of Wales at the Mounted Police Barracks, Regina Park

THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

No. II. OF A NEW SERIES

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY HIGGINS.

"Abandon dope all ye who enter here"

I FOUND Reggie at the club looking thoughtfully at a large tumbler of whisky-and-soda he held in his hand.

"A Bradbury for your thoughts," I said. "You seem to be in a brown study."

"My dear old thing, that's not the colour at all," replied Reggie, dreamily. "As a matter of fact, I'm seeing red; 'pon my soul I am. I had a nightmare last night. I only dined on the small *table d'hôte* at the Fritz. Perhaps it was the price that disagreed with me. Anyhow, I had a nightmare, and in it a large person named Pussyfoot chased me for hours and hours round the West End. I was feeling particularly thirsty, but every time I presented myself at the door of one of my favourite houses of good cheer this large person—who looked rather like Mr. Wu, except that he had a top-hat on, swathed in the Stars and Stripes—this person interposed his noxious carcase before me, and said in hollow tones, 'Abandon dope all ye who enter here.' After several hours of this I grew tired, and smote him very hard right where it hurts most.

"A New York cop sprang from nowhere, and beat us both with a club. The next thing I remember is that we were both pleading our cause in the House of Lords before Lord F. E. Smith, who sat on a very high Woolsack composed of Veuve Clicquot 1906. To my intense indignation the Lord Chancellor was entirely on the side of Pussyfoot. 'What's the guy charged with, anyway?' said his Lordship. 'With obstructing one of Carrie Nation's anointed in the discharge of his holy mission,' replied Pussyfoot. 'An', say, what'n hell's the good of my spending all this money in your country if fellows like this are allowed to be around spoiling my game? Say, mine's a free country, and we wouldn't stand for this sort of thing.' 'Sure,' said the Lord Chancellor. 'I'm with you every time. Why, when I was in Lil' ol', New York, it was as much as I could do to get your President to take a highball with me. I'm for upholding the law, you bet. Take the prisoner away, an' soak him!'

"Well, I woke up next morning swearing I'd write a letter to the *Times* about the conduct of the Lord Chancellor, and ask if this sort of thing could be allowed in the so-called umpteenth century. Fortunately, as I think I've already told you, it proved to be only a dream. But though it is comforting to know that the Big Noise of the British Constitution left the court without a stain on his character, I still feel perturbed about Pussyfoot. The Man from the Land of Liberty is out to do ours in. He comes with soft drinks in his mouth, but he carries a knuckle-duster in his tail-coat pocket. His smile is bland, but raspberry juice and ice-cream sodas lurk behind it. He is the last of the Borgias, who purrs before he poisons.

"What beats me is how the Americans let him get away with it. Dear old Abe Lincoln built up America. Pussyfoot has made it come unstuck. The Americans imagine that the world admires them because they invented the typewriter, the Statue of Liberty, ragtime, and the Victory of 1918. They're wrong. They're off the line, and ploughing up the four-foot way. The heart of the world went out to America because some good and true American Johnny invented cocktails. The world was waiting for it, and America filled the aching void. It was the best propaganda stunt ever put on to this old universe. Wherever the flag of civilisation waves there sprang up an American Bar. From the Yukon to Yokohama the right man could find the right place, and comfort his soul with a gin fizz or an angel kiss. Tourists flocked to Rome because it contained one of the finest artists who ever wore a white jacket or squeezed a lemon. He had the Coliseum beat, and d'Annunzio, Marinetti, Romano, and all the other Italian super-patriots wrote fiery articles denouncing it, and asking what was wrong with Asti-Spumanti. The classic phrase, 'Mine's a sherry cobbler,' girdled the earth. What coal-tar did for the nineteenth century the cocktail was doing for the twentieth.

"American civilisation had its outposts planted whereever enough mahogany could be found to make a bar. You nibbled a salted almond and mused on the glories of J. D. Rockfeller and his Great Republic. And now Pussyfoot, with one squirt from his soda fountain, has brought this splendid structure toppling down. He's knocked out the keystone, and hasn't even left 'em the burgundy. Across American civilisation is written in letters of liquid fire the one word '*Ichabod*,' which

means 'Old Glory Has Gone Dry.'"

And, reaching out, Reggie took his glass and drank. There was a touch of solemnity about his action, as though he were reverently saluting something great that had passed away.

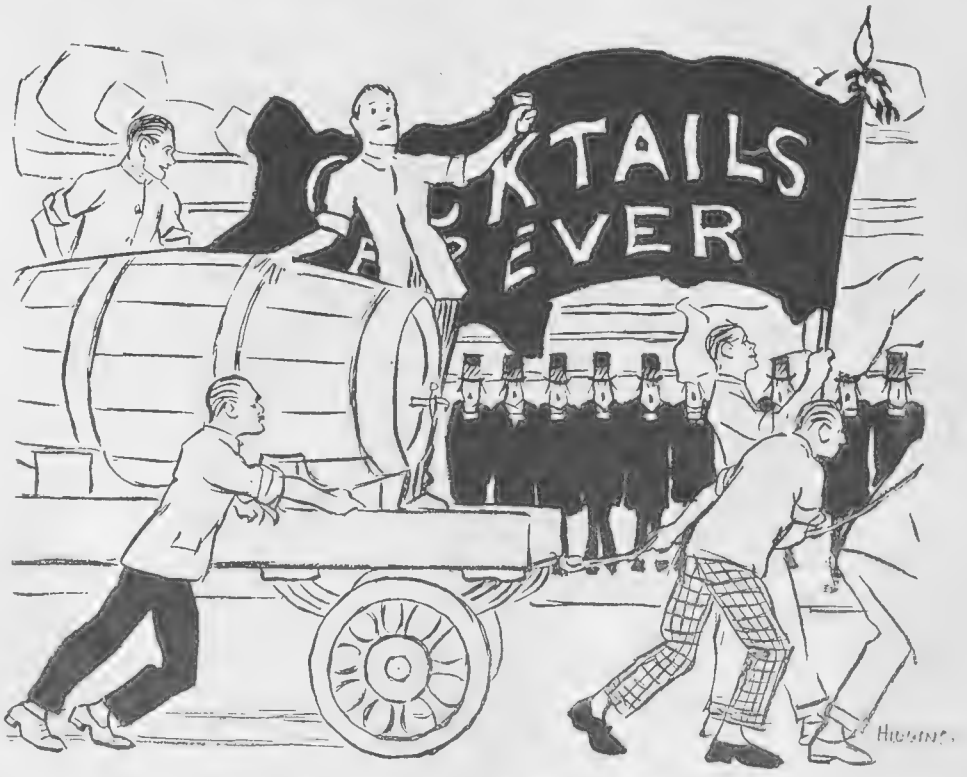
"But what I want to know is, what are we going to do about Pussyfoot?" he went on, after a thoughtful pause. "Is he to be allowed to tear around unimpeded and plant his soda-fountains where'er he listeth? As far as I can make out the British workingman will soon find himself with a thousand a year in lieu of wages, and no beer to drink. Talk about Tantalus in his tub, or wherever it was! Think of the proletariat of the future rattling the guineas of progress in their pockets and thinking wistfully of the good old days when their enslaved forefathers marched boldly up to Boniface and demanded a quart of the best, with the froth on. I can see a time coming, unless we're deuced careful, when the gilded youth of this country won't have the foggiest idea where to sow its wild oats. No doubt they'll do their best. They'll chew gum furtively at fifteen, pass on to ice-cream sodas at the 'Varsity, and die dyspeptically in their early twenties from frightful overdoses of unfermented grape-juice. And the new generation at our schools will have Lemprière dished out to 'em on Prohibitionist lines, and be taught that jolly old Bacchus used to skip around with tea-leaves in his hair.

"Seems to me we ought to carry the war into the enemy's camp. This is war, old thing—war to the corkscrew. In the old days people didn't see the Hun menace coming along until the *Daily Mail* announced it in its stop press. And they won't know that Pussyfoot's really busy until he's drenched these islands with soft and fizzly beverages. Then, when we see that the cup that cheers, and—if taken in sufficient quantities, bless it—inebriates; when we see, I say, that the wine of life has been snatched away from us, we shall wake up and realise that we are the slaves of a tyranny worse than any that the world—but you know exactly how the jolly old politicians used to put it when they were heartening the British public with their after-dinner speeches at the Guildhall.

"My idea is that the war should be carried into the enemy's camp. What does old Jacky Fisher say? 'In war hit hard, hit damned hard, and hit damned often.' I think Jacky's perfectly splendid, just like the dear women used to be when Armageddon was young. He has imported a much-needed breath of profanity into English literature, and made the columns of the *Times* give points to the *Pink 'Un*. 'Pon my soul, it's a pleasure for a fellow to read it nowadays. But to return to Pussyfoot. What we want to do is to carry the war into his country. We have given up trying to save Russia. So why not wade in and try to save America? Think of the misery of all those millions ground down under the tyranny of Hiram P. Lenin and John L. Trotsky, and unable to get an honest drink. Let us charter a new *Mayflower*, fill it with cocktail munitions, expert mixers and interpreters, and descend on New York. Once we had captured Wall Street and handed out the priceless dope to all those unhappy financiers in dry dock, we should find that the whole country would flock to us as one man, and the dollar exchange would drop with a bump. And if Pussyfoot can buzz into our country why can't we toddle into his? . . . I tell you, it's the only thing to do. Separate him from his base of supply, and cut the buttons off his communications. Otherwise, my lad, the salad days of this, the British Empire, are numbered."

"It's a sound scheme, Reggie," I said. "But the situation might be worse. You see, the United States is now exporting rye whisky to us."

"As you say, that's something to be going on with," said Reggie. "After all, what's one country's dead meat may as well become another country's poison."



"Seems to me we ought to carry the war into the enemy's camp"

"Sports"

FLAPPER—BRACKETING

BY MACMICHAEL

"VALUTA"

BY THE CONTINENTAL BYSTANDER

EVERY man, woman, and pacifist on the Naughty Continong is roping in (losing) millions at the new and honourable profession of Gambling in Exchange. "Valuta" is the new modish word. If you see a count, a boy-faced clerk, or an old-lady-like *demi-mondaine* gulping eighty shilling fizz in Stockholm's Hasselbacken, or in Copenhagen's haughty Nimb, you know what he (she)'s been at. At "Valuta!" "Valuta's" the arcandum of universal wealth, the philosopher's stone, the Eldorado of the greedy post-war world.

"DON'T speculate!" said from grim experience Antiquity's greatest thinker. When bragging to fellow-drinkers about his purchase of ten obol beer for seven obols and a quarter, he spilt the beer on his two-million obol toga. The Continong would have laughed at him. Gambling in Exchange is the Continong's craze; it has killed the tedious Stock Exchange and the tame *totalisateur*; because of it motor-cars are built, diamonds purchased, and weddings (and funerals at four cross-roads) celebrated. It beats all kinds of gambling known since Shem bet Japhet that the dove would return to the ark with an olive-worm in its hat.

WHY is it so? Because Exchange Gambling is of all the most profitable (the most ruinous). In "Valuta" you can make (lose) more in a week than the dizziest stock boom yields in a year. Because the paper currencies of all States (particularly of the politically and financially shaky) flash up and down like the pointer on the scale of a try-your-strength machine. All you need do is buy them when low, and sell them when high—unless being a fallible donkey as, of course, you are (Speak for yourself.—ED.) you buy them when high and sell them when low.

YES; the craziest stock never fluctuated up and down as Russian, German, Austrian, Polish, Finnish currencies fluctuate to-day. Didn't Russian "Duma roubles" rise 400 per cent. on one day on the strength of a Judenitch cable? That's what your "Valuta" gambler wants. He regards a currency that fluctuates a mere 25 per cent. in a year as a dusty old Tory gilt-edged Threadneedle Street security. Of course, only abnormally heroic-idiotic citizens buy Russian roubles or Austrian crowns; but Germany is a hard-working, potentially prosperous land, and as for Finland, whose exchange has also gone to the devil, she's got enough State forests and factories to redeem twice her one thousand millions of assignats. So you're a blithering idiot if by buying and selling the notes of Germany or Finland you don't every month make (or lose) at least 20 per cent. a month.

THINK of it! The Prussic Reichsmark, which, in piping peace time, was worth 11·76 British pennies and 89 Scandinavian öre, was lately down to near tuppence, and 14 öre. A fortnight later it suddenly flew up to threepence and 21 öre, and you made 50 per cent. on your investment, or, if you bought on a margin of a third, as the bolder "Valuta" gamblers do, you made 150 per cent. The Finnish mark in piping peace is worth nearly tenpence, or 72 Scandinavian öre—it was lately down to 2¼ and 16 öre. Three days later in gamble-mad Copenhagen it flew to 24½ öre; and again in a brief three days, the gamblers netted 50 per cent. These fluctuations go on without cease; and the long-headed gambler doesn't care which way they go; for he always keeps capital in reserve, and if, instead of going up, as he hoped, they go down, he simply buys more. In that way a Christiania gentleman known to the Continental Bystander, a gentleman with, indeed, a long head (and a still longer nose), netted in Finnmark gambling in eighteen weeks a cool £47,000. He started with £2,700.

EVERYONE gambles in "Valuta." (Stop this demoralising talk. We stand for Honest Work.—ED.) So do we. That's only one side of the Naughty Continong's gambling perversity. Alas, some lose as they deserve. Just as with modest gambling in stocks, stud-pocker, and love, for every man who wins at "Valuta" some other man loses. When you've doubled your capital by buying at 15 and selling at 30, somebody's halved his. The idiot!

DECENT Copenhagen's downfall illustrates this. Copenhagen specialises in the Prussic Reichsmark. When the mark in delectable 1918 had fallen from its virginal 89 öre to a mere 65 öre, innocent Copenhageners squeaked with amazement at the unprecedented collapse; and were quite sure it could not possibly go further. They rushed to buy marks. They bought, say unofficial experts, a thousand millions of them. But the mark didn't rise. With occasional infinitesimal recoveries it sped downwards till it reached fourteen. The gamblers lost four-fifths of their money. Many lost also the other fifth, because they bought on margins, paying their brokers only 20 öre towards the cost, and got sold out when the mark dropped 20 öre.

YES; the Naughty Continong's restaurants are not only hall full of swillers of eighty-shilling fizz, they are also half full of threadbare gentlemen who want credit for their thrippenny beer. The Continental Bystander's doing his best to get promoted from class two to class one. He made 19*s.* in Finnmarks; he lost 17*s.* 3*d.* in Polish *zloti*. His latest deal was to invest his fortune (seven Bradburys and a sixpenny bit) in "Eesti Marks." "Eesti Marks" are the paper currency of the brand-new Esthonian Republic—25 to the £; but you can buy them easily at 250 for a £. If luck turns and Esthonia puts its paper on a gold basis, the Continental Bystander will decuple his fortune, and be worth a full £70. If luck doesn't turn, and the "Eesti Mark" drops from 250 to 500 to the £, the Continental Bystander will be worth just three Bradburys and a half.

The Housing Problem—

—Would not be half so acute if the authorities would only build houses of a pattern which we have now all got used to.

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

MAGGIE

THE OXFORD THEATRE

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by HARRIS

OLD BILL, for one, should be interested to hear that "The Better 'Ole," which was so successful at this theatre, has now been followed by "Maggie." It seems to be giving the family a fair chance in turn. Beyond this detail, however, the present "Maggie" comes as a welcome little stranger. She is the central figure of a rich musical comedy in the best C. B. Cochran style. That is to say, it is a delightful compound of daintiness and humour, set to light and catchy music, which people hum over again for you in the intervals just to show that they've really been listening. I do not esteem myself very highly as a musical critic, but, taking advantage of the *entr'acte*, I went in search of two friends who specialise in that branch of industry, and solicited a few pointers on the game. One man said the score was quite undistinguished, and that the composer, M. Lattes, was evidently a novice at his business. The other man said it was the music that would make the success of the show, and that the waltz tunes were singularly delightful. So now we know. I have noticed that musical critics very rarely find anything like perfection in the musical outbreaks we get from time to time, and that is why I wonder they stick to their jobs. I think if I were certain that whenever I went to the theatre I was going to be bored to tears by the usual display of inefficiency, I would stay at home and cultivate my garden instead.

IT matters, after all, very little in this instance, whether the music is technically brilliant or not. It is light and bright, and it serves its purpose, and that is all that the thinking public needs. There is a bit of a plot, but the authors have very wisely agreed that the plot of a show like this can't be too thin, and they have made theirs very attenuated indeed.

THE one real complication of the evening meets you on the programme before the curtain rises. Maggie, for instance, is Maggie Maynell, the famous film actress, represented by Miss Winifred Barnes. But Miss Barnes is really Nellie Hay, one of the girls from Marcel, the costumier. On the other hand, Miss Barnes is Lady Victor Kelham, who, before her marriage, was Maggie Maynell. When you strike a little brain-twister like this on your programme just after dinner, it makes you wonder whether

that claret really was all right after all.

As may be expected, however, the performance elucidates the mystery very satisfactorily. Nellie Hay, of Marcel's, won a prize of three hundred pounds in a newspaper competition, and, like most people in her position, her idea was to go somewhere and spend it as quickly as possible. She decides to make a big splash for a week with the money; though, as a matter of fact, a London shop-girl would find it very difficult indeed to spend three hundred pounds in a week.

Nellie certainly gives no sign of the frivolous little extravagances which would be necessary in large quantities to get rid of such a sum in the time, even though she has a suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel, Beauville, and has a moderately extravagant taste in frocks. Nellie is not only rich for a week, but she finds she is famous as well, and there are some who think the world has no greater prize to give than this much-sought-for combination. Nellie has such a remarkable resemblance to Maggie Maynell, the great film actress, that everybody takes her to be that distinguished lady.

It happens like that in life sometimes. I remember some years ago hearing a man behind me in the street tell his lady friend that I was Mr. Blank, a famous actor of the period, and I hurried on for fear they might have seen him act, and should have got a supply of eggs handy.

MAGGIE would have been less than human if she had bluntly undeceived the hotel crowd, especially as all the men of the place are at her feet, offering their homage and admiration. Furthermore when Gaston Lecerf, a famous aviator, who met the real Maggie and fell in love with her recently, turns up and continues his love-making, Nellie hasn't the nerve to tell him that he's barking up the wrong tree. The trouble is complicated about this time by the arrival of the real Maggie, now translated to bliss as the wife of Lord Victor Kelham; and so that there shall be no doubt of the striking resemblance between the two ladies, Miss Barnes doubles the parts. Thus we get at least the satisfying assurance that the two ladies can never meet on the stage and fling an untidy scene at us, and we are therefore able complacently to look forward to the prospect of everything being for the best in this best possible of worlds.

THE famous aviator is represented by Mr. Peter Gawthorne, who seemed to me very much at home in his part as a romantic vocalist. But on referring to my expert friends, I found one of them holding the opinion that Peter hadn't got the hang of the thing at all; while the other expert assured me that Peter's singing was entirely admirable. It has been said that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, but it takes a bit of looking-for, doesn't it?

AND now I come to the part of the show which appealed to me most. That is the rare and fruity humour of Mr. George Graves. Mr. Graves is, for the purposes of the programme, just "Jim." He is the wealthy uncle of a young spendthrift, and one of his complaints is that he has to keep putting his hand in and out of his pocket so often that his knuckles are getting red-hot. I laughed a good deal at this, and a stern-looking lady sitting beside me turned and frowned as though she thought me wrong in evincing mirth instead of sympathy. But the dear soul will probably never know what she has missed. Mr. Graves is the buttress of the entertainment. He sticks to his part when he feels like it; but otherwise he branches out into a wild orgie of gagging that keeps the house in one continuous shriek. Some of his little asides are, perhaps, hardly up to drawing-room standard; but from the way some of the dainty ladies giggled at them, without even the time-honoured preliminary of hiding their faces in their programmes, I should judge that their drawing-rooms are very modern indeed.

A PLEASING feature of the entertainment is that all the critics seem to be agreed that Miss Winifred Barnes sang her songs in an irreproachable manner. It must have hurt some of the critics to admit that much; but I suppose even the most atrabilious of them cannot fly in the face of facts. For the rest, the costumes of the chorus are full of novelties and surprises in their riot of colour and shape, and this eccentric feature of the entertainment is brought to a marvellous climax in the third act, which takes place in a Reception-Room at Marcel's, Ltd.

MR. C. B. Cochran seems to have the happy gift of imparting distinction to anything he takes up; and while *Maggie* is sufficiently conventional to be a very popular musical comedy, it sparkles all over with *facets* of originality and unfamiliar charm. And Mr. George Graves was never in better form. *Maggie* is distinctly the goods. JINGLE

The Clutch

RISKY—BUT WORTH IT!

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

In Service

By FRANK ELIAS

EX-SOLDIER as House Parlourmaid; comfortable sit; 3 servants kept; Surrey. Write Box P 1065, "Daily Chronicle," E.C.4

It was on a certain evening a week or two ago that, as he put it himself, he reported for duty. A moment later he brought in his kit and asked to be shown his billet.

It was not until next morning, however, that his duties began.

I woke suddenly, uneasily; something that seemed familiar was troubling me. I sat up and listened as the last three notes of réveille fell upon my ear. Peering at my watch in the semi-darkness, I saw that it was six o'clock. Well, there was no adjutant to ask presently for an explanation, so I lay back and soon fell asleep.

What he did next was acceptable enough. He came in with my tea, took my trousers out of the press, and told me they had had breakfast in the kitchen, and that there were "no complaints." And if he did rub a little tony red on my braces before he remembered, and murmured something about "Thinking, sir, it was your Sam Browne," everything else seemed all right.

Before I went down to breakfast he saluted and asked me if I would mind inspecting his kit, which he had laid out in his bedroom, so that he could put it away. I inspected it, and found it was short of an afternoon cap and apron. He pointed out, however, that these were not an issue.

He waited at table, and my wife had not a fault to find, but when later in the morning Andromeda returned from a visit upstairs she looked perplexed.

"He has been making the beds," she said, and paused tentatively.

"Well," I asked, "Isn't that part of his job?"

"Yes, but he does them in such a funny way. He said he had 'proceeded to strip the bed'—and he had. He'd taken out even the cross-pieces; in fact, he'd had the whole thing to bits, iron-work and all. 'I am now going to assemble the parts, madam,' he said, and I saw him do it. Assembling the parts seemed to include tucking-in blankets and sheets. It was certainly quite all right when he had finished, still——"

"Then," said I brightly, "let's leave it at that. When we think of Daisy Sarah and Ethel Anne, and that Chrysanthemum Miggs——" Andromeda shuddered, thinking of these inflictions of other days.

A moment later he came in with my boots, which he supposed I would want in order to go on parade—that is, to get to the city.

I had left Andromeda smiling through her doubts, and it was only on my return that I found myself uneasy.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"Happened? What hasn't? Everything was all right till this afternoon. He blew 'Come to the cook-house door, boys' at one o'clock; but I did not mind that. At four o'clock I gave him his orders about showing in visitors. 'If any people come, bring them right in to me.' He said he understood. It was just after half-past four that I heard a noise in the hall.

"'Come along,' a voice was calling. 'Hat orf!'

"'But——Never heard of such a thing!——Disgrace!'

"'Hat *orf!* Shun! Quick march! Lef', ri'—lef', ri—lef'!

"The door was flung open.

"'Lef', ri'—lef', ri'—lef', ri'!'

"And in walked your Aunt Sarah Bradburys, bristling with fury, but carrying in her hand her most elaborate toque and four hatpins, and, strangely enough, keeping pace with the step he gave.

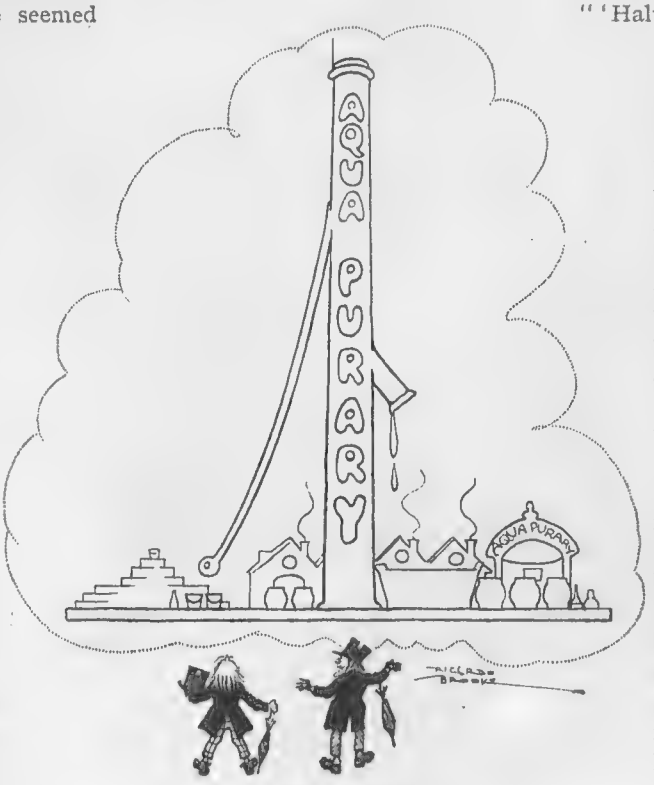
"'Halt!' he cried. 'Lef' turn!' Then he saluted. 'Private Bradburys, madam.'

"But as soon as he had relaxed his control, she turned and, without a word, rushed from the house.

"And now," cried Andromeda, "what are we to do now? She'll do nothing for any of us! All's lost! She'd promised us a runabout for Christmas, too! All's lost! All our hopes are gone!"

"No," I said. "You forget. Those unworthy and mercenary hopes we had may be dissipated. But"—my voice rose in an ecstasy—"you do not say that *he* is dissatisfied or would leave us! All is not lost! We have our housemaid still!"

And Andromeda was no longer a woman of tears.



HISTORY MAKERS

Professor Pussyfoot describes to a kindred soul his vision of national converted breweries

By Ricardo Brooks

Motor Notes

SHE: "Tom's just bought a Ford—what's yours?"
HE: "Oh! Mine's a Rolls-Royce!"
SHE: "Ah! That's a good car, too, isn't it?"

BY WILL OWEN

"A NEW LIGHT ON

N AN OLD SUBJECT"

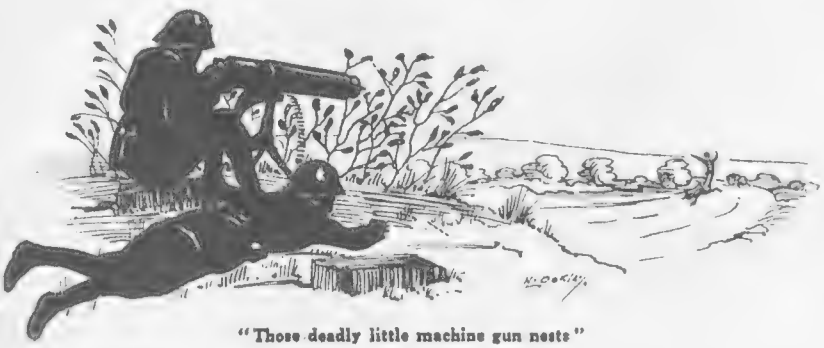
BY WILMOT LUNT

Retrospection

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

RETROSPECTION is the hall-mark of decaying virility, but during this month the Army of Occupation may surely reminisce a little without incurring any such reproach.

NOVEMBER the eleventh! Just a year since at eleven o'clock we fired our last round at the Hun and settled down to prepare for that unforgettable march which landed us finally here as Occupiers. It started from those most tragic of all war graves, "Killed in Action, 11/11/18," and led us through beflagged and cheering villages in freed France and Belgium, often ahead of our rations and too weary with long forced marches to appreciate fully the generous welcome of the inhabitants. No one who took part in it will ever forget this following up of a retreating enemy, his track marked with carcases of horses and abandoned guns, cars, and lorries.



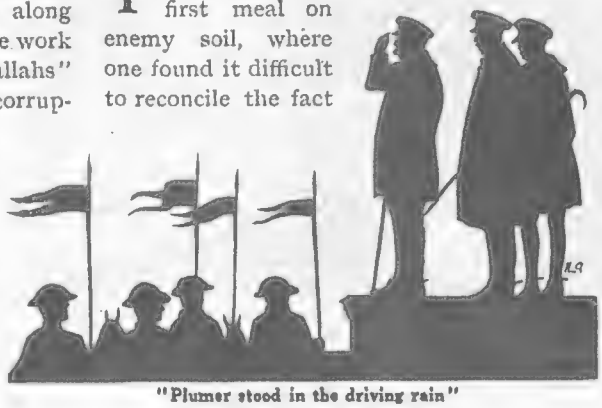
"Those deadly little machine gun nests"

NOT that the enemy's front line troops broke. The garrisons of those deadly little machine-gun nests opposed us with their customary fearlessness of death till the last stroke of eleven-eleven-eighteen; the litter along the avenues of retreat was the work of those "back area wallahs" whose infection with the corruption of the Revolution was in itself sufficient to make Germany's downfall inevitable.

NO one who saw them will ever forget, either, those two pitiful streams of humanity which flowed towards us as we advanced; one, our prisoners, ragged, footsore, and weak from want of food, who would have died like flies but for the generosity of the Belgians, themselves on starvation rations; the other, the hapless Belgian refugees and deportees pushing all their worldly goods before them in handcarts.

THEN, for those who survived the rigours and pleasures of the march, the shortage of rations consequent upon transport difficulties, as well as the osculatory welcome accorded to "*Nos braves libérateurs*," came the great moment when the frontier was crossed. The township of Herbesthal was the last beflagged place, and even there the welcome was limited. One side of the main street, being Belgian, was bedecked as usual, but the other, in Germany, greeted the arrival of the British with closed shutters!

THEN came the first meal on enemy soil, where one found it difficult to reconcile the fact that an excellent beef steak was obtainable—at an outrageous price—with the stories of starvation, till knowledge of the miserable rations available on the official scale showed to what an extent disregard of the law, smuggling, and bribery had corrupted Germany in war time. In this country, once the home of iron discipline "*Streng Verboten*," now means considerably less than "Please do not." Our proclamations, of course, were treated with due respect, as the embarrassed British officer, unwillingly invested for a space with the privileges of a Prussian Junker, found as every male civilian humbly and obediently doffed his hat to him!



"Plumer stood in the driving rain"

THE startlingly non-hostile interest taken by the inhabitants in the movements of the invader was the most remarkable feature of the arrival in Cologne Many seemed guilelessly to regard the advance as a great military pageant devised for their special delectation, till they found their theatres closed and themselves packed off to bed at nine o'clock.

FINALLY came the real pageant and symbol of victory, the crossing of the Rhine, on those three memorable December days when, under the statue of William II., Plumer stood in the driving rain beside the Union Jack and took the salute of his victorious troops. Hour after hour, across the Hohenzollern Bridge, poured the long streams of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, while William of Hohenzollern remained with head averted from the spectacle which was the outward and visible sign of the passing of all that he had stood for. As the wind sighed and whispered round the massive arches and pillars of the great bridge, one could feel the invisible presence of a mighty army of those with whose wooden crosses the trail of our advance was blazed from Boulogne to the bridgehead.

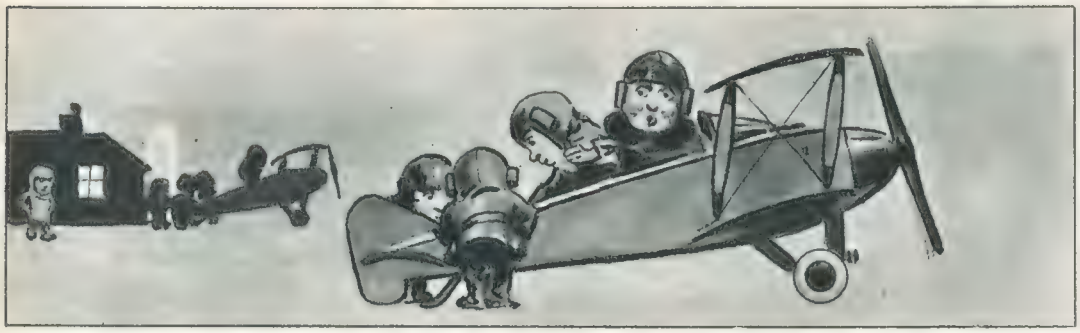
A Palace Songstress

Photograph *Foulsham & Banfield*

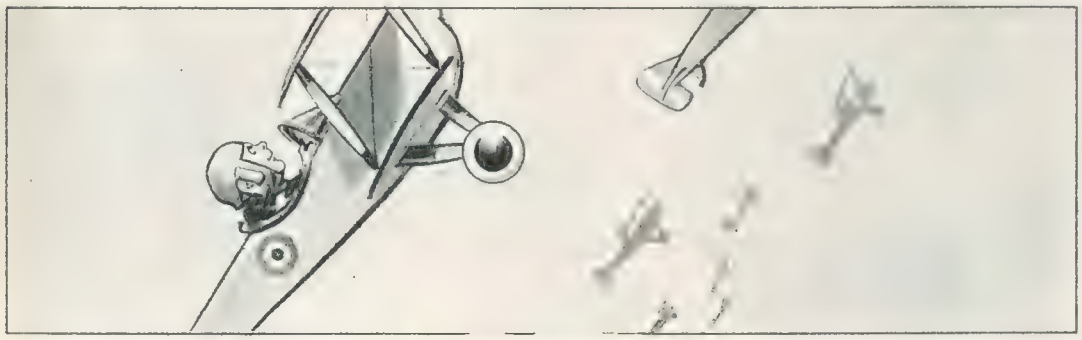
MISS JOSEPHINE EARLE

The talented singer who is taking a leading part in "The Lilac Domino," recently transferred from the Empire to the Palace Theatre, where it bids fair to rival the great success it enjoyed at the former house.

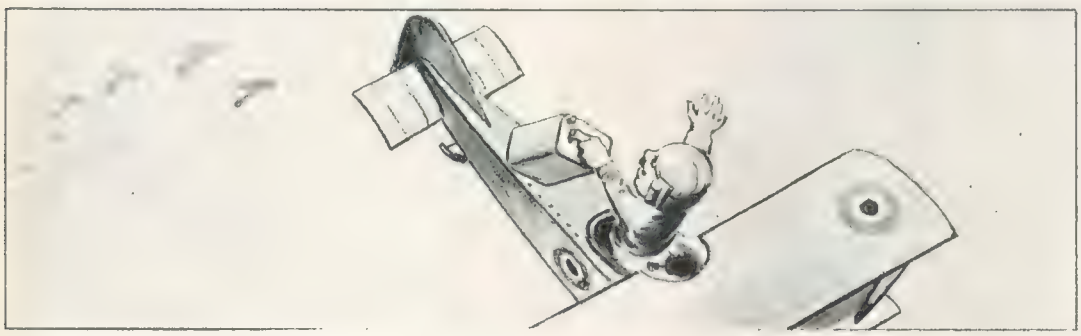
TEN little airmen
Thought it jolly fine,
To try and loop the loop one day
Then there were NINE.



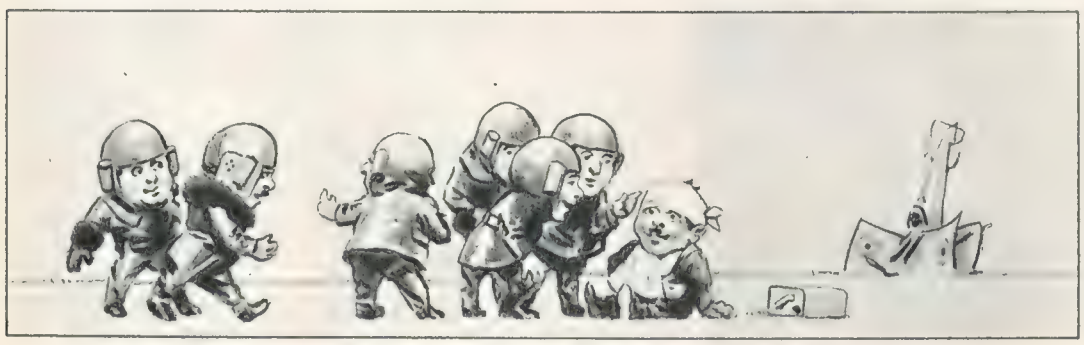
NINE little airmen
Stayed out rather late,
Tried to fly home after dark
Then there were EIGHT



EIGHT little airmen
Climbing up t'wards Heaven,
One went up a bit too far
Which left only SEVEN



SEVEN little airmen
One in such a fix.
He ran short of petrol
And that left SIX

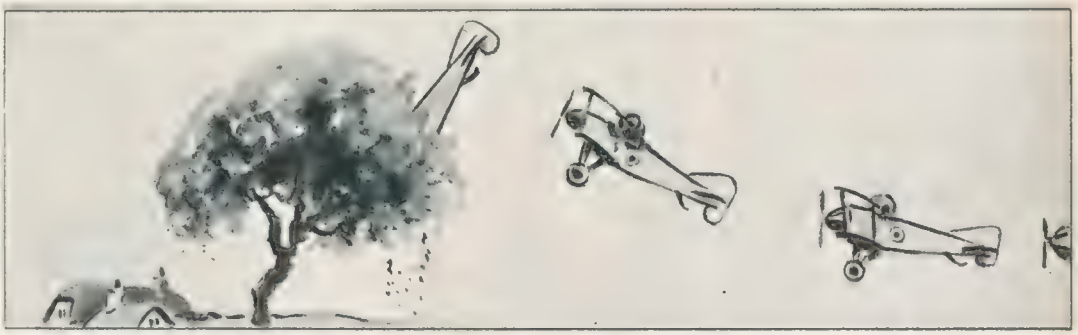


SIX little airmen
Found their pal alive
One took him off to his Mama
Then there were FIVE

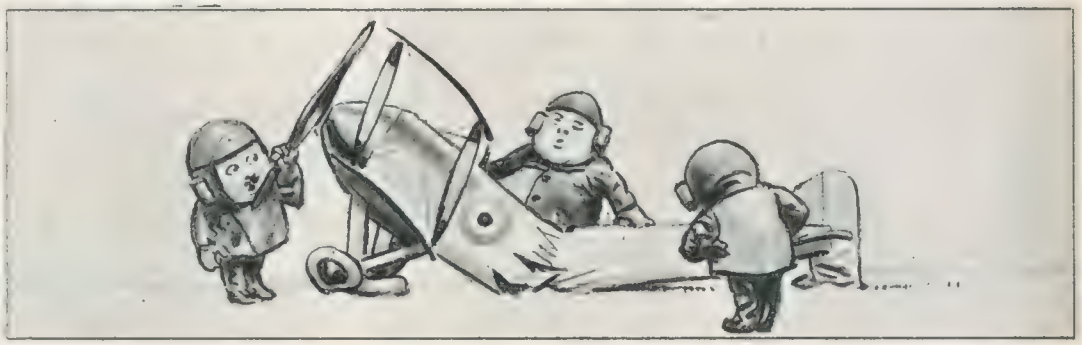
THE RUTHLESS RHYME OF

FIVE little airmen
One day saw the ground
Coming up to meet them,
Only FOUR were found

FOUR little airmen
Trying to dodge a tree,
One went to roost there
Then there were THREE

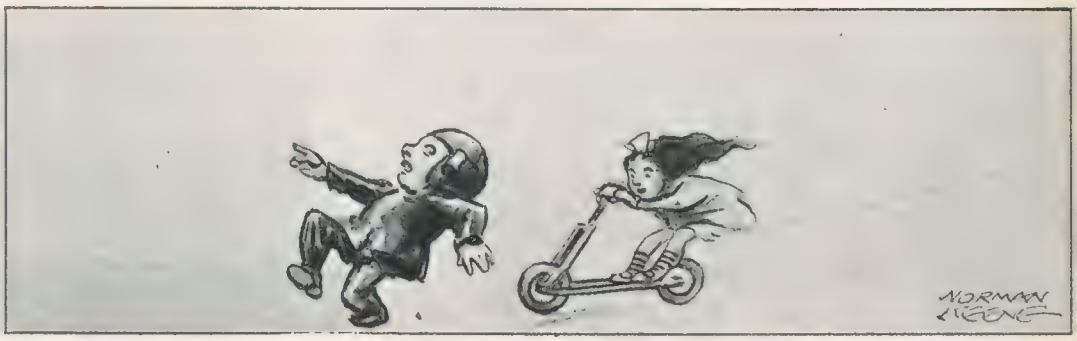


THREE little airmen
Their number getting few,
One grew too fat to fly,
Then there were TWO



Of TWO little airmen
One's flying days were done
When he became an 'ACE'—of hearts
Leaving only ONE

One little airman
Robbed of all his friends
Was run down by a scooter
And so the story ENDS.



THE TEN LITTLE AIRMEN

BY NORMAN KEENE

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

The Bystander IN PARIS

"AT THE FAIR." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

HAVE you been ever to a Paris fair, in the streets of Montmartre or the Quartier Latin? It is so much fun when one forgets that one must behave with propriety, and it is that, I think, English people would enjoy it, because when they come to Paris they prepare themselves to forget the propriety. It is for that that they come.

IT has been the idea of my English friend, Marguerite, that we should go one evening of the last week to dine in the Quartier and to amuse ourselves at the fair of the Lion de Belfort in the Place Deufert-Rochereau. She has made a party of six, with Édouard and Lucile and our two selves and her husband and M. de Bigault. Always when Thomas, her husband, goes with us there is good fun, because he does so silly things with an air so grave.

THERE has been a very great crowd when we were arrived, and so much noise and great lights. Of musics there have been at least a dozen, all playing the different tunes, and there were people shouting to sell their rubbish, and to invite that everyone should shoot with the rifle or throw the dart or play roulette or ride on the *cochons*, or cows, of the merry-go-round, and the loudest noise of all has been how the girls squealed as they have been swung round and round.

IT has been such an infection. At once we have all felt gay, and when Thomas has cried "Come on!" and has mounted Lucile on a cow and climbed on behind, even M. de Bigault has forgotten to behave with the correctness of a Frenchman, and Marguerite has told me afterwards how she has not been so tight hugged since she has been engaged to Thomas. "The poor man," she has said, "perhaps he has been afraid to fall off the cow, or perhaps he has thought it was his duty at the fair." But it is my thought that Marguerite is very pretty, and M. de Bigault has not wished to neglect to enjoy himself as much as possible.

ÉDOUARD and I have made the round in an aeroplane that has swung itself nearly upside down, and he has said how I shrieked louder than any of the *midinettes*, but it is part of the fun to make a noise, is it not?

THERE were so funny people to watch at the fair. At first I have been frightened to see how there were many *apaches* with their friends, who danced so well to the music of the fair. But they are funny people, our *apaches*. They are very aristocratic. When they amuse themselves they have the air not to regard anyone else. They practise to be very solemn, like that they have seen themselves presented on the stage, and to be unconscious that everyone looks at them. It is a pose very effective, and makes one the more afraid afterwards when one is alone in the street. One has the sensation in the spine how at every corner is one of these silent, sinister men with his long knife.

"... Ride on the cochons"

"... Afraid to fall off the cow"

BUT there are other people at the fair. There are the girls and young men who are in love. Sometimes it is the young man who will persuade the girl to ride on the flying-chairs, so that he can show how he can protect her (without to be in any danger), and sometimes it is the girl who has the better spirit, like one who has made her young man challenge another who has offered prizes for a combat at the *boxe*. Perhaps the young man has boasted how he would become a great champion like Carpentier, but after the little man who has offered the prizes has finished to fight with

him, I do not think that he would boast any more.

AND there are the good working-men, who come with their wives and children, who are always getting themselves lost and making so much anxiety while they try to look into the tent of the man who swallows the fire or of the fattest woman in the world. Always the young men wish to shoot with the rifles to show how great skill they have had to kill the Boche, and Édouard has had so much success that there has been a crowd which has followed him to see how he would break the pipes and shoot the Kaiser in the eye to win a prize at every stall. When he has finished he has had his pockets quite full of so silly ornaments, and when we have refused to take them home he has said how he would pack them all up the next day and send them as a present to Madame Poincaré, the wife of the President.

PERHAPS you will think, *mes amis*, that it is not *chic* that we amuse ourselves to go to so funny places like the fair of the Lion de Belfort. But it is the life, and for me I have found it more amusing than the exposition of automobiles at the Grand Palais, to which all the world goes. For that one has made the elaborate toilet, and it has been the first exposition of the season of *les élégances*. But, oh! it has been so much an exasperation to see the beautiful cars, like your English Rolls-Royce, and not to be of the *nouveaux riches* so that one could buy one. For me I prefer to pay ten sous to ride on a pig than to be—but it is not polite that I should write so because there are many who are not pigs who ride in beautiful automobiles.

"... At every corner is one of these silent, sinister men"

AND it is at least a satisfaction that one has of the exposition that one can discuss what auto one will buy when one has made a fortune like the American, who has bet a thousand francs on the horse Américain at Longchamp because he has wished to be patriotic, and has made of his thousand francs a fortune of 135,000 francs in the afternoon.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

A GERMAN "OLD BILL"

And not so bad a likeness, either. This version of Bairnsfather's famous character was discovered working among some German prisoners on a farm near Shotwick, Chester

The Prodigal Nephew

AUNTIE: "Now what shall the story be about—boys and girls or fairies?"
PETER: "No! Women!!"

BY THORPE

"Some Little Lords

YOUTHFUL MEMBERS OF

THE HON. CECILIA KEPPEL

Eldest daughter of Viscount Bury and grand-daughter of the Earl of Albemarle

THE EARL PERCY

Son and heir of the Duke of Northumberland

Photographs

THE HON. WALTER KEPPEL

The younger son of Viscount Bury

VISCOUNT MOORE AND HIS

Children of the Earl and

and Ladies Fair"

THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY

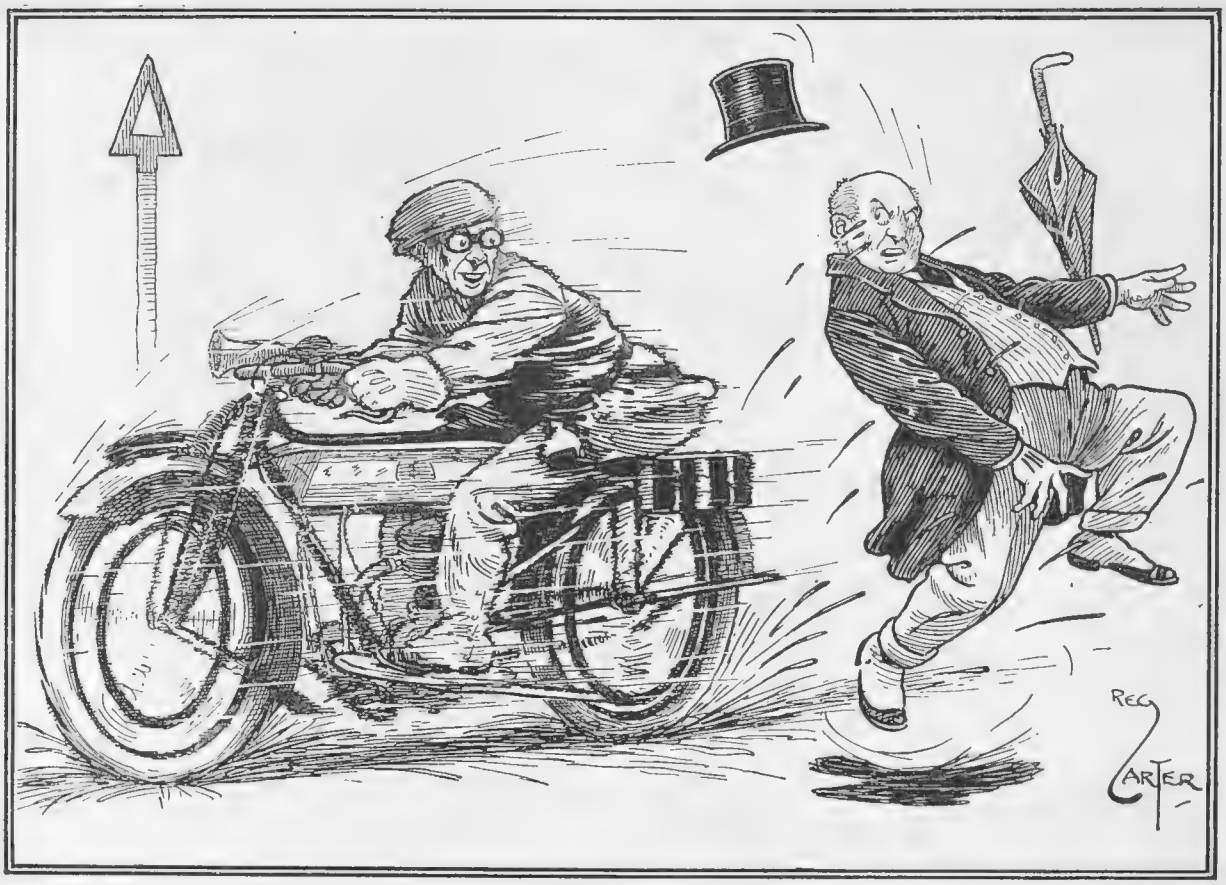
THE EARL OF MADELEY
Only son of the Marquis of Crewe

THE HON. DEREK KEPPEL
Eldest son of Viscount Bury, heir of the Earl of Albemarle

SISTER, LADY PATRICIA MOORE
Countess of Drogheda

Lallie Charles

THE EARL OF MACDUFF
Son of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught



THE LIMIT

PEDESTRIAN (*just escaping*) "What the devil are you doing?"
SPEED FIEND: "About fifty"

By REG. CARTER

PETER

By ARTHUR MILLS

It was Sunday, and I was lying in bed, enjoying what Anglo-Indians call a "Europe morning." There was no need for me to get up, and I was quite disposed to go to sleep again.

Enter upon the scene Peter. I did not actually hear him come in, but it was quite obvious that he was the cause of my original awakening. Also, although he could see that I was wide awake, he repeated what must have been his method for bringing that state about. He came and sat upon my pillow, and, creeping towards me, touched me just behind the ear. I put out my hand to lay hold of him, but he evaded me, and went and sat upon my knee. From this point he could watch me and at the same time be out of reach, for I was lying upon my back with my knees doubled up beneath the bed-clothes. Upon my life, never before had I realised what an ugly little beast he was, with his round brown face and silly staring eyes. The black, too, that was the keynote of his colour scheme, looked so noisome in the early sunlight.

I shifted my knee impatiently, hoping to dislodge him; he got up quickly enough, but settled himself again as soon as all was still.

Knowing that he had only come to annoy me and in no mood to play, I determined to punish him. Very stealthily, I put out my left hand. But he was too quick, and moved just out of reach once more. I saw no reason why I should allow my life to be made burdensome by this tomfoolery, and felt that it would be better to ignore him altogether. Pulling the bed-clothes up to my chin, I turned over and closed my eyes.

I suppose I must have dozed, or I should have heard him move. (He is incapable of moving quietly, and goes nowhere without a certain fuss and buzz peculiar to himself.) Anyway, he did move, for I suddenly found that he was tickling my nose.

I confess I lost my temper and slashed out, calling to him loudly to go away. He withdrew to my knee again, and sat there making idiotic gestures with his hands, which he rubbed together; whether he was being coarse and pretending to purge them from their recent contact with my skin, or whether he was merely gloating, I do not know.

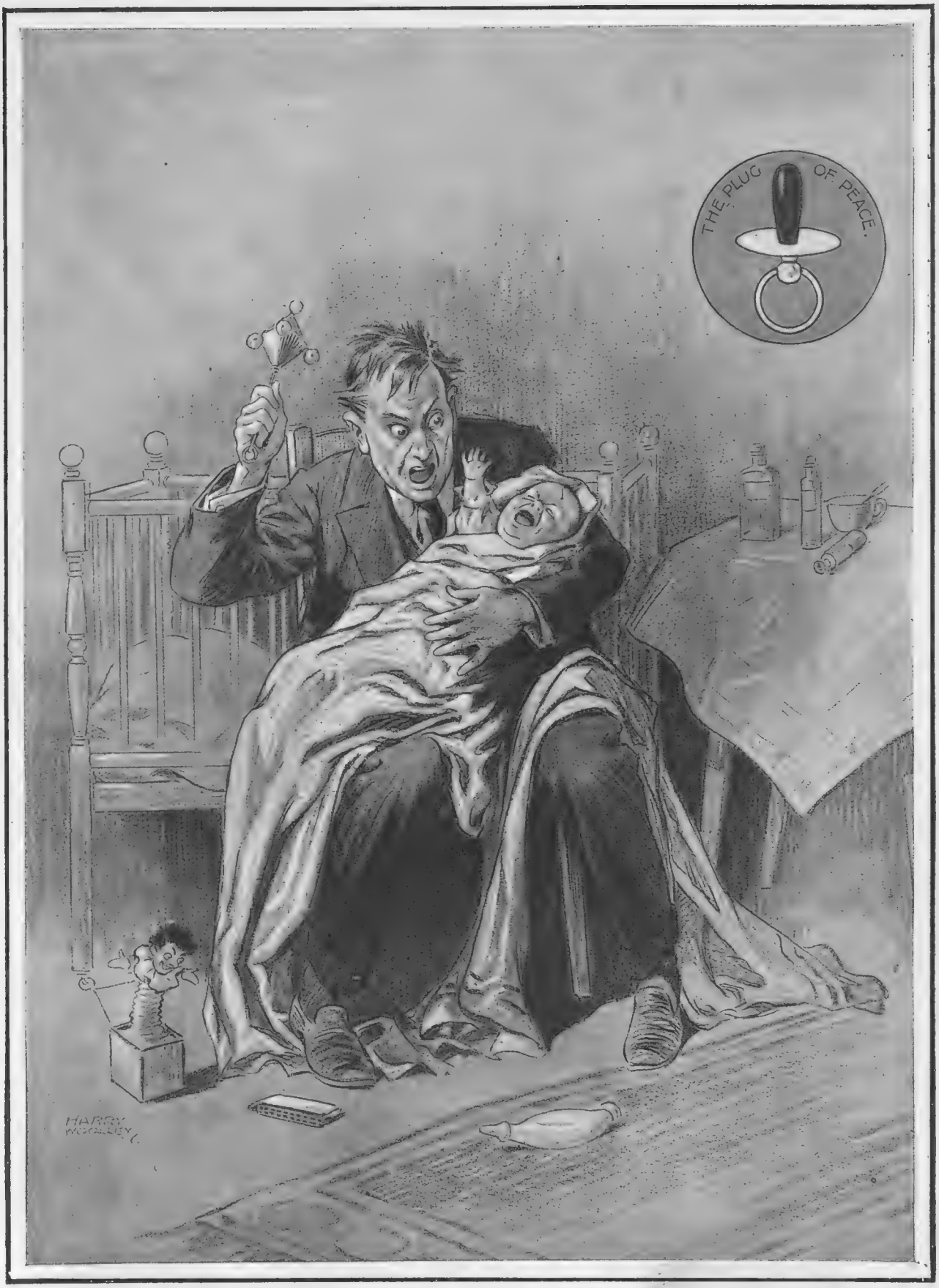
Once more I drew the clothes about me, pulling them well above my head. But I was not like Peter, impervious to the heat, and was soon obliged to make a little hole through which to breathe. Would you believe it, he attacked me through it.

Quite calmly I got out of bed, walked to the washhand-stand, took my bath towel, and made a knot in it.

We had ten minutes together, at the end of which he escaped through the window. I closed it after him, and went back to bed.

It was then 6 a.m., but I did

(*Continued on page 444*)



"TROUBLE WITH THE SPARK"

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

"PETER" (concluded)

not go to sleep again: for one thing, I was thoroughly awake, also my bed was disordered. The two hours till eight o'clock passed rather slowly, for I do not keep a bedside book. However, I was able to think over things and make a little plan.

. . .

Peter came again this morning. He woke me as usual, but I was so interested by my arrangements that I did not mind. Sure enough, after playing with me for a little, his attention was attracted by a bit of string (dipped in gum and treacle), and he clung to it till I was ready to get up.

An Aphorism of the Day

WOMEN shall say of thee that thou art unfaithful to thy wife—and it shall gratify thee: men shall whisper it that thou art too successful to be honest—and thou shalt smile; but woe unto such as deny thee a sense of humour!—F. H. H.

A Believer in the Future of British Films

Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS WITH HIS TWO SMALL SONS AT HOME

Mr. Matthews, besides being well known as an actor, is a director of the Alliance Film Corporation the million-pound all-British film company which has recently been formed and proposes to establish the "world's biggest cinema studio" at Harrow Weald Park, which the company has bought

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His Master's Voice

Blackheath v. London Scottish

IMPRESSIONS OF THE MATCH HELD AT RICHMOND PARK

The London Scottish lost to Blackheath last Saturday week at Richmond Athletic Ground. The score in the latter's favour was five goals (25 points) to a goal from a mark (3 points). B. S. Cumberlege, for Blackheath, put in some excellent place kicking, and the Scottish tackling was weak, two facts which mainly account for the score

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

THE WORLD'S SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP: AFTER THE RACE
Barry, the defeated champion (on left), congratulates Felton, the winner, in mid-stream

ALF FELTON
The Australian, who defeated Barry on October 27th for the Professional Sculling Championship of England and the World

Sports and Pastimes

ROWING.

"Pride Goeth Before—

IF the blowing of trumpets and the beating of drums could have won the race for the Professional Sculling Championship of the World, which was rowed on the Thames on the Monday of last week, Ernest Barry would still be champion. I am not over-squeamish, and I fully recognise the value of a little judicious boasting, especially in these days, when publicity is almost as much the soul of sport as it is of business, but I must confess that the way in which Barry's partisans had him proclaimed a certain winner for several days before the race was rowed, struck me as almost indecent. Even Barry himself was induced to contribute an article to one of the Sunday papers, expressing his complete confidence in his ability to win.

—A Fall."

THE whole-hoggers on the Barry side seem to have been wilfully blind to several things, as, for instance, that Barry was giving a lot away in the matter of age and strength; that Felton is no novice at the game; that he had quite a respectable record of his own, and that Australian sculling is never a thing to be sneezed at. Moreover, form in a race is always liable to be affected by the conditions under which it is rowed—which is the meaning of that somewhat tiresome truism that a race is never won until it is lost.

Bad Judgment.

IT was by no means beyond the bound of possibility that the conditions on the Thames on an afternoon late in October might be such that the choice of station would mean a lot—which is what, in fact, happened—and the result afforded a good illustration of the danger of being too cocksure. It is possible, and even probable, that if the spin of the coin had gone the other way Barry would have won. Some critics have even asserted that he would have won if the conditions had been the same for both, and the race had been rowed in smooth, or comparatively smooth, water and it is, of course, consoling—from an English point of view—to think that luck favoured Felton so largely, but this does not alter the fact that Barry (a strange thing in the case of so experienced a sculler) rowed with very bad judgment. Had he gone over to the Middlesex side and followed in Felton's wake for the first mile instead of ploughing through the rough water in the middle of the river, he would not, at any rate, have lost the race before it was half over.

MRS. BEAMISH
Winner of the Ladies' Covered Court Championships of London, at Queen's Club. She defeated Miss K. McKane in the final—2-6, 6-1, 9-7

Another Race?

ON the other hand, the fact that he was a lucky winner must not be allowed to detract from the merit of Felton's victory. From the day he started training to the moment he passed the post he set about his job, quietly and thoroughly after the manner of his countrymen, determined to give of his best. By the way in which

he did it he has placed another feather in the cap of Australian oarsmanship. It is announced that Felton is quite willing to give Barry another race, not on the Thames but in Australia—a perfectly reasonable reservation in the circumstances.

A PRETTY POSER

Miss Heather Thatcher, the well-known actress, making a daring shot in the new game of motor-scooter-polo, which, incidentally, appears to be played with a croquet mallet and ball. Whether the fact that the stand of the scooter is *down* adds to the difficulty of the achievement or not, is a pretty *poser*, which our readers will probably not have much difficulty in settling

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The Young Man in a Hurry Again.

ANOTHER rather amusing instance of the tendency to be in too much of a hurry, to which I was referring last week, has recently come to light. After the wholesale upheaval which has taken place since Rugby football was last played regularly, it is not at all surprising that some sides have fallen considerably below their pre-war strength, whilst others, more fortunately circumstanced, have found themselves as strong as they were in 1913. Fixture lists have, of course, been made up mainly on pre-war lines, and so it has happened, quite intelligibly, that there have been a good many very one-sided matches. Result—a brand-new suggestion in one of the papers by the young man in a hurry that, as the watching of one-sided matches affords no pleasure to the public, the Rugby Union should constitute itself a sort of censor of fixture lists, so as to ensure meetings between evenly matched sides!

The Limits of Interference.

No one realises better than I do that there are some things that the Rugger public are entitled to expect, such, for instance, as punctuality, but the suggestion that amateur clubs are to be dictated to from outside as to what sides they should or should not play against, strikes me as merely comic. Can one, for instance, imagine Blackheath taking any notice of an intimation from anyone that they are not to play the Harlequins? As a matter of fact, when a club undergoes a more or less permanent decline in strength it drops, mostly by mutual consent, from the fixture lists of its more powerful adversaries until better times come along; but these things are usually done with reluctance, and never hastily. I do not think that the ordinary right of every amateur club, which exists with the object of playing some game, to choose what adversaries it pleases, is ever likely to be interfered with in the case of Rugby football.

H. S. S.

Photograph] THE CLUB HOUSE AT ST. GEORGE'S HILL, WEYBRIDGE [*Bassano*

The St. George's Hill Golf Course was designed by H. S. Colt, and opened just before the War. Its club house, as may be seen above, is one of the most picturesque in the country. The roof is thatched, and it stands, backed by tall trees, on the side of a hill overlooking three fairways. The first tee and the tenth are both near by, a fact which is of great advantage when the course is crowded, as matches may be started alternately for the first and last nine holes

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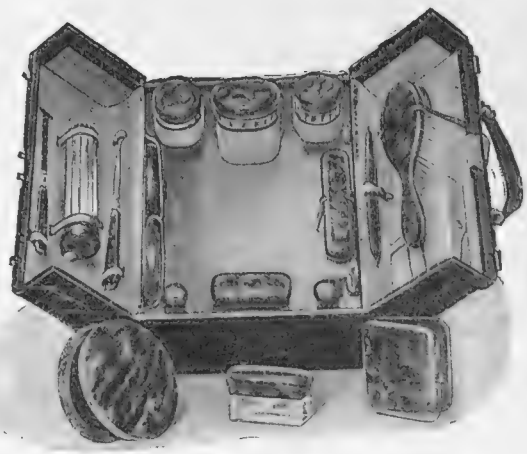

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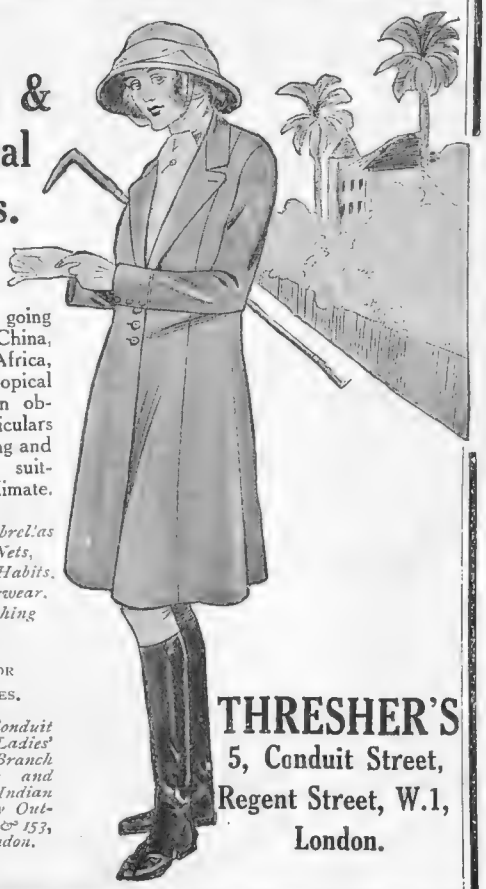

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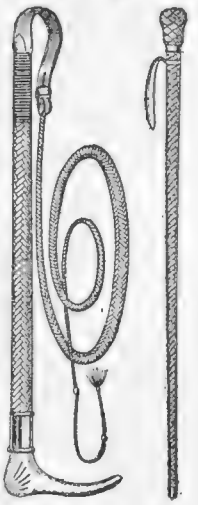

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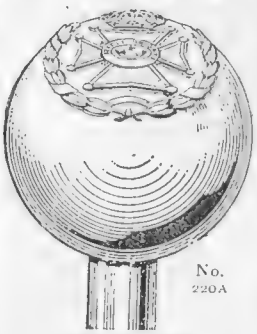

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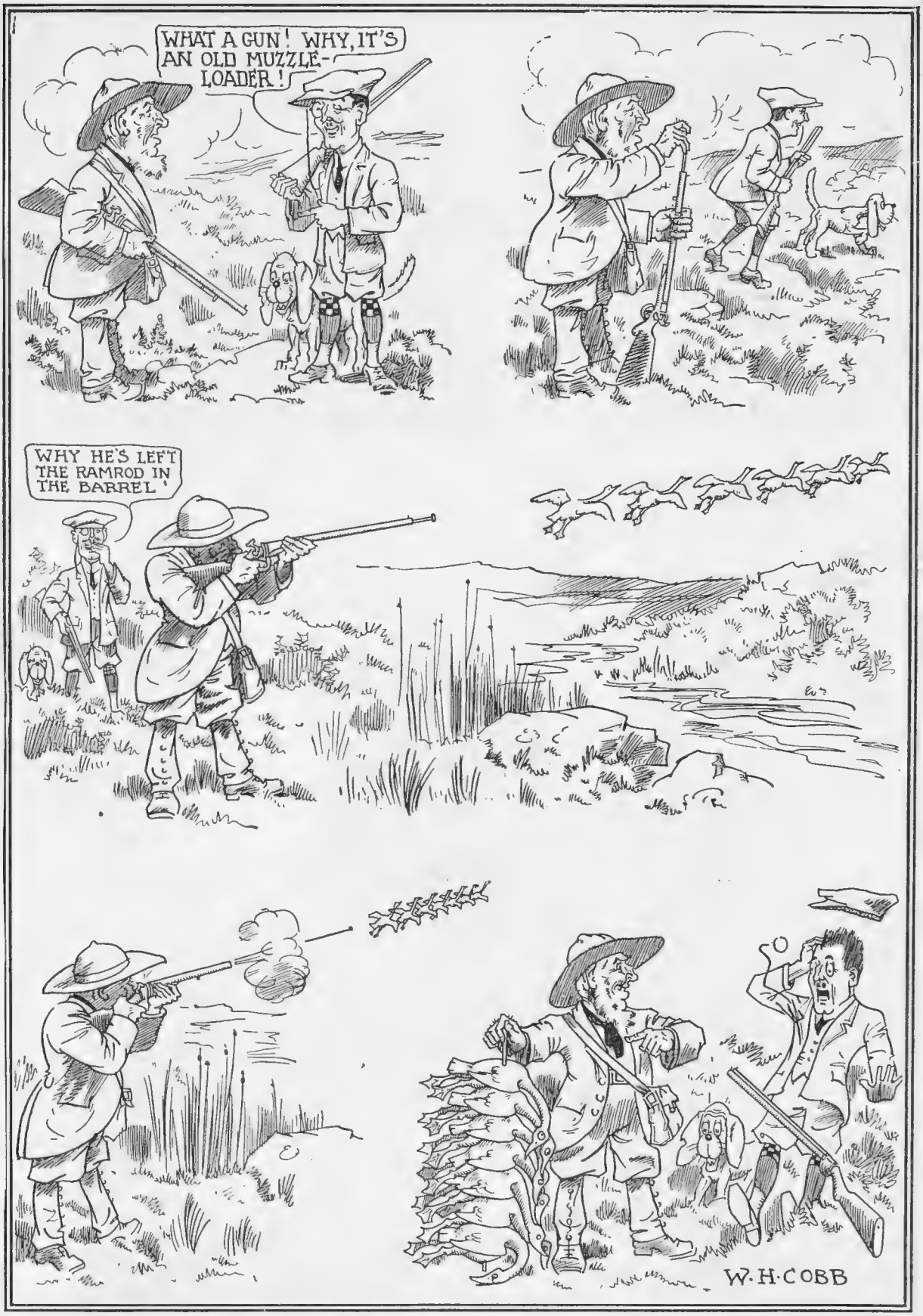


Why waste good cartridges, when the old ramrod does the trick much better—and you can use it again? It is especially adaptable for use with wild geese—see above.

BY W. H. COBB

By Field Stream & Covert

Photograph *Sport and General*

A BREATHER: DIFFICULT GOING WITH THE FURNESS AND DISTRICT BEAGLES

Coursing Season Opens

In the North the coursing season has started very successfully, the meeting on Lord Lonsdale's estate at Lowther having gone with a swing which augurs well for the future of this ancient branch of sport. There had been no coursing at Lowther for nearly fifty years, and its revival there gave general satisfaction, about 6,000 people being present on the first day of the meeting. The best performer at Lowther was Sir Robert Jardine's second season bitch, Jassiona, who was considered to be the best puppy at Altcar last spring, and promises to become a good favourite for the Waterloo Cup, unless the season should reveal an exceptionally smart puppy. Unfortunately, coursing is not at the moment going so strong in the southern counties as in the north, this being primarily due to the Rabies Order restrictions. The activities of the Sussex County Club are considerably hampered just now, and in Surrey two or three important kennels, including those of Sir John Humphery and Sir Daniel Gooch, find themselves in a position of isolation pending the withdrawal of the present stringent regulations.

MR. STANLEY BROTHERHOOD

Joint Master with Mr. George Fitzwilliam of the Fitzwilliam Hunt, the headquarters of which are at Milton, Peterborough

The Speaker M.F.H.

Our legislators include many keen hunting men, and there is none more enthusiastic than the Speaker, who has just announced his intention of giving up the Mastership of the Blencathra Hounds. Mr. Lowther has hunted the pack for twenty seasons, and, naturally, the followers are sorry to lose the services of a sportsman who has done so much for foxhunting in the rough hill country covered by the Blencathra. These Westmorland folk are proud of the fact that they have only had two Masters during the past eighty-four years, Mr. John Crozier, who preceded Mr. Lowther in office, having hunted the country for sixty-four seasons. Another M.F.H. who will be retiring at the end of the season is Major Fred Gretton, who is in command of the Meynell country. I am sorry, by the way, to learn that Mr. John Curre has passed away. One of the best amateur huntsmen of his time, he bred a splendid pack of hounds in the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire country, which he handed over to Major E. Longueville at the end of the War. No doubt Mr. Curre's efforts suffered by his almost single-handed exertions to keep the Hunt going during the War. He had hunted nine different packs of hounds during his career, and his death is an appreciable loss to the sport.

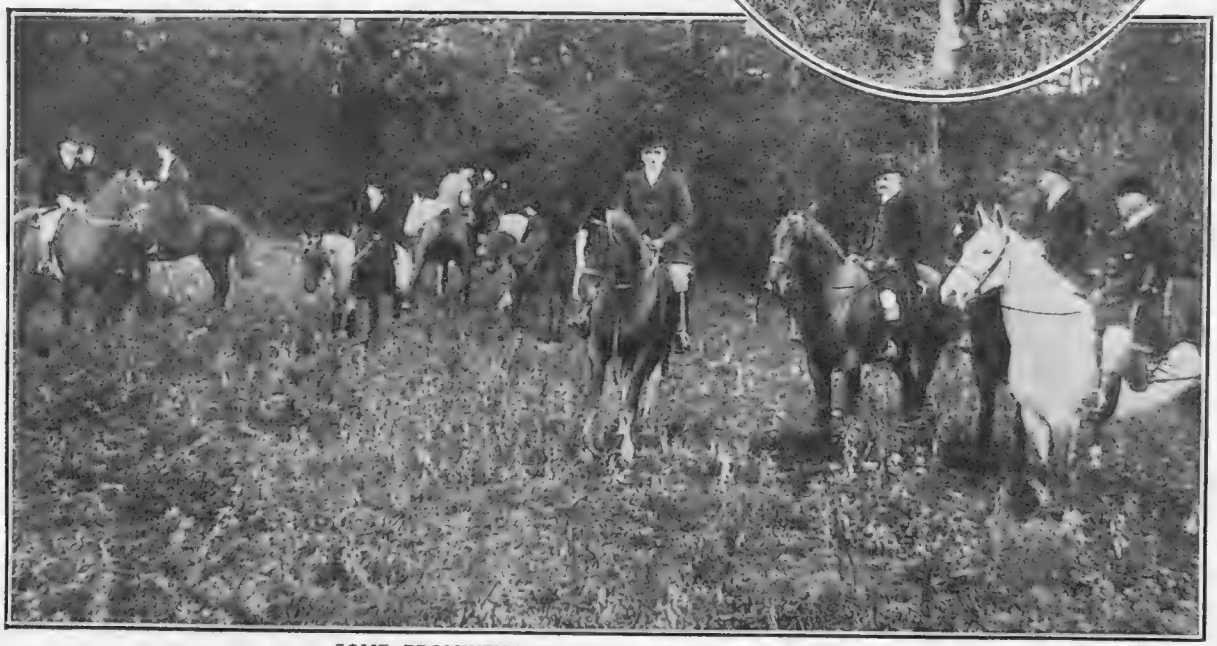
The Fitzwilliam

Mr. George Fitzwilliam is joined in the Mastership of the pack which bears his name, by Mr. Stanley Brotherhood, and the prospects of the coming season are very encouraging in the Milton country. There are few finer packs than those bred by Mr. Fitzwilliam, and they have a splendid lot of sporting farmers in the district who walk the puppies and do all they can to advance the interests of the Hunt. Another new M.F.H. is Lord Wilton, who will be in his element in hunting the Newmarket

OPENING MEET OF THE KILDARES AT JOHNSTONE INN, CO. KILDARE

Waiting for the fox to break out of covert

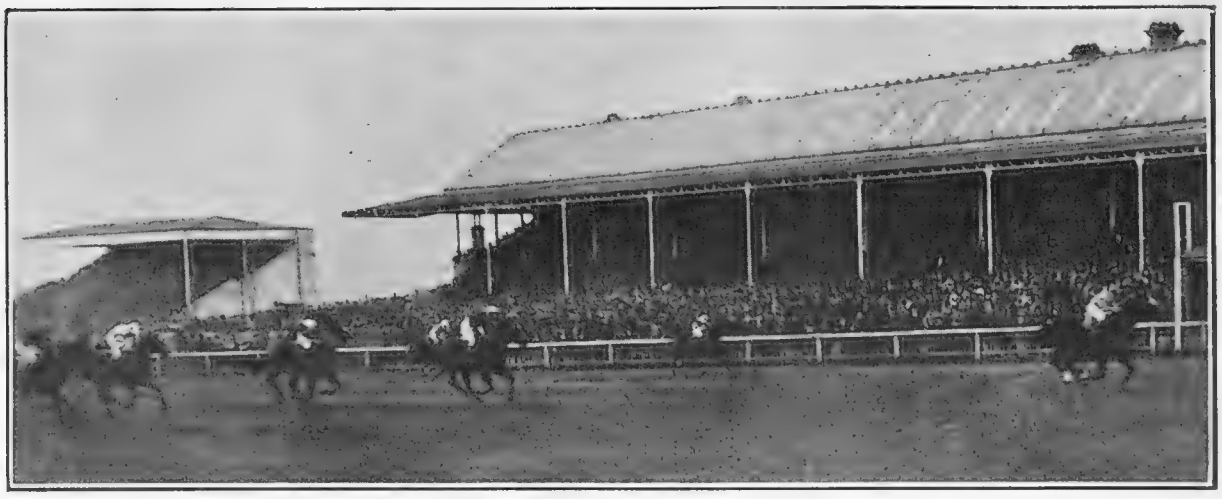
and Thurlow Hounds, whose fields are largely composed of trainers and jockeys from the headquarters of the Turf. The young peer's family have furnished many hard riders in the Shires, and he is himself a good man to hounds. The Newmarket country includes an abundance of plough, but boasts of straight-running foxes, and has been noted for its sport since the days of "Squire" Osbaldeston. At the time of writing, the ground is unpleasantly hard for riding to hounds, and rain is badly wanted. Many opening meets, however, have already been held, and the regular season in the Shires will be in full swing next week.



SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE KILDARE HUNT

At the opening meet of this hunt at Johnstown some Sinn Feiners turned up and made a formal protest against the continuance of hunting in the present condition of Ireland. They made no further attempt to interfere, and the meet was a very successful one. Inset is a photograph of the Master, Captain B. O'Kelly

The Finish for the Cambridgeshire



"BRIGAND" WINS THE GREAT RACE BY SIX LENGTHS FROM "DIADEM"

RACING NOTIONS

BRIGAND'S VICTORY. By "CARBINE"

Brigand Steals the Race

To see Brigand cantering home in the Cambridgeshire six lengths ahead of the rest of the field left us a little breathless with amazement. That he should win the race was not very surprising, but that he should score in such effortless fashion is difficult of explanation. I cannot help thinking that the result was a fluke, and those who follow Brigand on the strength of this performance may find themselves badly let down. He is a queer-tempered horse, and it suited him well to race away with the lead and have matters all his own way. Probably the jockeys of the other horses imagined that Brigand would come back to them, but their calculations were badly upset, and I think they made a grave mistake in not going after him earlier in the race. Mr. "Jimmy" de Rothschild looked very well pleased with himself afterwards, and with very good reason, for if report is correct he took a pretty substantial stake out of the ring.

Photograph Sport and General

MR. JAMES A. DE ROTHSCHILD

Who won the Cambridgeshire with "Brigand" last week. "Brigand" started at odds of 25 to 1 and the win was a great surprise to everybody

Classic Prospects

Having regard to its bearing on the next season's racing the result of the Dewhurst Plate was exceedingly interesting. It showed us that Prince Galahad will have to be seriously reckoned with in the Two Thousand and the Derby. The style in which that colt set about Orpheus and severely trounced him in the last furlong of a severe course shows that he is richly endowed with courage and stamina. He appeared to run a trifle lazily, but many great horses have been like that. I suppose that "Atty" Persse, his trainer, has a rough idea of how far Prince Galahad is behind Tetratema. Probably the grey is about 7 lb. the better of the pair at present, but when they meet over a distance of ground Prince Galahad's undoubted stamina is likely to make itself felt. This suggests that Tetratema is not such a certainty for next season's Derby as many believed him to be. It is a far cry to the next Epsom Summer Meeting, but at the moment it really looks as though Mr. Persse could win the great prize with either of the two smashing colts which he is lucky enough to have in his stable.

Aintree Selections

This week the chief race is the Liverpool Autumn Cup on Friday. **My Dear** is the obvious tip. She was running on strongly at the finish of the Cambridgeshire, and the extra distance ought to suit her. In any case, the mare should beat all those which finished behind her last week, including Alasnam, who is not the sort I should choose to get smoothly round the Aintree turns. More to my liking for this course is Sir Berkeley, who I shall take as a second string to My Dear. On Wednesday the Knowsley Nursery will bring out some smart two-year-olds, but it will not be easy to find one to beat the topweight, **Fair Simone**, who is very speedy over five furlongs. The Lancashire Handicap on the same day may be won by **Rothesay Bay** if she is sent to carry Lord Derby's colours, which are usually worth following at this meeting. **Bruff Bridge** should run well for the Stewards' Plate on Thursday. The Grand Sefton Steeplechase may be won by **Pollen**.

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The Post-War Economists

A STUDY IN PUBLIC SPIRIT

By BERTRAM ATKEY

"THOSE delightful Merrisons" were breakfasting. That is to say Melisande Merrison was denying herself nothing whatever in the matter of all the delicacies which a still flourishing credit could procure, including the kind of bacon which does *not* possess an American accent, what time her husband was unsuccessfully endeavouring to conceal a mangled accumulation of uneaten sole under a rather inadequate backbone. The Honourable Rupert rarely brought a vigorous appetite to the breakfast-table.

"And how much did you contrive to lose yesterday?" inquired Melisande, with a faint, delicate acidity in her rather high but not unmusical voice. She was of the tall, thin blonde order which wears only moderately well, but which, nevertheless, repays not ungenerously care and time spent at the dressing-table.

Merrison frowned slightly.

"Oh, not too much," he said offhandedly. "It was a brute of a day for favourites."

Melisande gazed, with an admirable air of detachment, out of the window.

"Adela's new limousine is ready for delivery, and we can have the coupé when we like," she said. "It's really very generous of Adela. We shall get it for just under the thousand pounds, practically new; and the present price, they say, is twelve hundred and fifty."

Merrison rose and brewed himself a mahogany-hued one at the sideboard, drank it, sat down again, and lit a cigarette with avidity. Then he fixed frosty-blue eyes on his wife.

"About buying this car of Adela's, Melisande," he said. "I may as well say at once that you had better put it out of your mind. I can't afford it."

The fair Melisande sat up straight. She had expected this—she had known that it was coming weeks ago. She had, as it were, been hoping against hope. This morning her mood had been one of half temper, half hope—now it changed abruptly. It was all temper—the famous Huddlestone temper.

She spoke with an icy sweetness which Mr. Merrison—himself the sole heir of the notorious Merrison temper—knew of old.

"You mean you have lost the money which would have bought the coupé you promised me!"

"*Promised* you! By jove, but you have a nerve! I certainly did not promise you a coupé."

"I beg your pardon; it was distinctly and clearly understood that we were going to get rid of that horrible old landaulet this year and take over Lady Cartyn's practically new coupé." Melisande's voice quivered with pure rage.

"Nothing of the kind!" disputed Mr. Merrison loudly. "I warned you at the time that it was practically impossible!"

"My good idiot, don't talk such utter imbecility!" She leaned across the table, her eyes blazing. "What you have done is to allow those loathsome bookmakers to pluck you—like a pigeon—like any country clod-hopping clown! And *I* am to pay the piper and endure that disgusting landaulet another winter!"

"Don't become abusive, Melisande! The old landaulet isn't half a bad old bus. Quite good enough to take you from one bridge-hell to another! What the devil you can see in this incessant bridge I can't imagine! I've no doubt you've lost more than enough this year to buy you a coupé!"

"Will you be good enough to mind your own business!" hissed Melisande. "What has my bridge to do with your promise to buy me Adela's coupé?"

"I did not promise!"

"You did!"

"It's a damned lie!"

"How exquisitely polite!"

"Well, why lie about it? You called me a clod-hopping clown!" The Hon. Rupert's ears were scarlet with fury.

"I intend having the coupé! I've promised Adela."

"Hah! Well, perhaps you'll pay for it."

"Very well, I will. But you will have to pay me Uncle Henry's legacy back."

The Hon. Rupert laughed bitterly.

"You know quite damned well that you've had that miserable thousand over and over again!"

Melisande gasped.

"I have had nothing of the kind!"

"You're getting too angry to think, my dear! I tell you you've *had* it over and over again! You had it this year to get your pearls out of pawn!"

MRS. MARY MARSH ALLEN,

Wife of the well-known actor, Mr. H. Marsh Allen, who, we are happy to notice, is numbered among the readers of "The Bystander."

THE POST-WAR ECONOMISTS (continued)

"Indeed, I did nothing of the kind. That is an absolute lie. You yourself said you would get the pearls for me."

"Well, didn't I? With the Uncle Henry money!"

"It was your own money!"

"How the devil could it be my own money, with the Panther losing the Derby like it did. You know perfectly well I hadn't any money!"

"You are a blackguard, Rupert Merrison!"

"Hah! Jolly good luck to me! Blackguard, hey?"

"I have been silly to be such a good wife to you! Are you going to buy me the coupé or are you not?"

"I am not!"

"Very well, I give up. I won't struggle any more. Pay that! And *that!* And *that!*"

In swift succession Melisande hurled three letters across the table at him. They were accounts for gowns—and noble accounts.

Merrison's jaw fell as he glanced at the totals and the peremptory requests for something on account.

"I've paid these things myself for too long," shrieked Melisande. "Here's another—£449 for *lingerie*. You are an admirer of *recherché lingerie*, I believe! Very well, you may settle for it! *Now* will you buy the coupé?"

"I'll be damned if I do! I'll file my petition!"

"Very well, you brute—I shall see my solicitor!"

"Do!" shouted the Hon. Rupert wildly. "Do! Do any damned thing you like except ask me for money!"

He rushed to the sideboard, whiskied once but stiffly, and left the room.

"The beast!" said Melisande calmly, and lit another cigarette. "I wish somebody would put something in his whisky!"

II.

Lady Cartyn and the Honourable Mrs. Merrison were taking tea together. They were oddly alike—so much so, indeed, that they looked more like sisters than the cousins they were.

"I tried to speak to you on the telephone to-day, Sanda," said Adela.

"Dear optimist," commented Mrs. Merrison. "Why so urgent?"

"I want you to take the coupé. It's all ready. Have one of those pulpy cakes—they're better than they look. The coupé is all ready."

"Coupé, Adela? I'm dull to-day. Rupert was very trying this morning. Are you selling that dear little coupé?"

"My dear Sanda, you *are* dull. It's the coupé I sold to you six weeks ago."

Melisande laughed quite naturally, but as the laugh died out she very skilfully permitted an expression of concern and amazement to appear on her face.

"I remember some—er—badinage about your coupé, dearest Adela—but surely, surely you did not take it seriously?" Melisande's voice dripped honey, but Adela's eyes grew noticeably harder.

"But, my sweetest Sanda—*really!* Are you joking?—you are—yes, joking. But, seriously, darling, about the coupé. The limousine is ready for delivery, and I haven't room to garage both. I—really I think Evans is driving the coupé round to your place now!"

"But, my most precious one, that's quite impossible! I hardly know what to say! Forgive me, you impulsive darling, but you are putting us both in a completely awkward situation. I assure you, dear thing, I did not buy the coupé!"

Lady Cartyn's face was hardening, and her voice was like the breaking of glass.

"Sanda, dear, you aren't a bit in form to-day. You shouldn't joke about money matters, my own. Why, we settled it at Vi's six weeks ago. You bought the coupé for nine hundred and fifty! Why, my pet, how do you imagine I expect to pay for the limousine without that money?"

Melisande now permitted her face to assume a look of real seriousness.

"Evidently, Cousin Adela, we are at cross-purposes," she said. "I assure you that I never seriously entertained the idea of giving you nine hundred and fifty for your coupé. Why, one buys them new for that!"

"But what has the price of a new one to do with me, Cousin Sanda? I don't understand the value of motors and things but——"

"You are too modest, Adela."

"Not at all, Melisande. It is not a question of modesty but, to be perfectly frank, of your carrying out the bargain we distinctly made," persisted Lady Cartyn.

"But—that sounds almost as if you mean to imply that I am under an obligation to buy your discarded coupé!" Melisande's tone was frigid.

"That is precisely what I do imply, cousin!" Lady Cartyn's tone was growing warmer.

"But that's too bizarre! Why on earth are *we* to buy the car?"

"You have bought it. All you have to do, Mrs. Merrison, is to pay for it."

"And that, Lady Cartyn, is quite the last thing I shall do or permit my husband to be bullied into doing!"

"Bullied, indeed! You are taking a very singular tone with me, Melisande Merrison!"

"But it is less singular than the outrage you are trying to perpetrate on me, Adela Cartyn!"

The two ladies paused, staring coldly at each other.

"I think I had better go!" said Melisande. "I shall never joke with you again—you take things too literally, I fear."

They rose simultaneously.

"But this is positively welshing, Melisande," said Lady Cartyn. "I can't accept delivery of the limousine unless I get nine fifty for the coupé. You've put me in a frightful position. What am I to do?"

"Why, get George to pay for the limousine and give him the coupé!"

"George! My dear Melisande, George is literally penniless! He's afraid to go into his bank because of his overdraft! I shall have to do without the limousine and stick to that beastly little coupé!"

"I can't break my heart for you, darling—think of me in that disgusting landaulet of ours!" said Melisande.

"It's your fault! You always were a little—quaint. Even as a girl!"

"I don't think I can forgive that—this afternoon. I expect you are tired, Adela. I will go."

Adela touched the bell—and Melisande slipped on her sables. She needed them—the temperature was quite too Arctic in that drawing room just then.

Continued on page 462

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More Departmental Methods

"THE SHORT FOR 'DEPARTMENT' IS D-E-P-T
(And a nice little curve makes a 'P' into 'B'!)"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

THE POST-WAR ECONOMISTS (*concluded*)

III.

The Honourable Rupert Merrison and Sir George Cartyn were supping together at their club. They were oddly alike in many ways. When Merrison pushed his plate away with a gesture of distaste, his action merely synchronised with a precisely similar action by Cartyn.

"Now, what about that bit of shootin' down in Kent, George?" said the Hon. Rupert. "It's cheap and good."

"Yes," replied Sir George. "It is—you are right. We simply must have it. But how the devil are we goin' to pay for it? I don't mind telling you I'm gettin' a bit nervy about goin' into my bank at all."

"I know—who isn't? We shall have to economise. Why not sell the cars?"

"I had a damned unpleasant scene with Melisande at breakfast about ours. She hates the old 'bus."

Cartyn grinned dryly.

"If you had a rottener time with Melisande at breakfast than I had with Adela at dinner about our coupé, you have my sympathy, old top," said he. "She literally despises the little car."

"Well, let's sell 'em—never get a better price for 'em than now—and take that bit of shootin'. Tell the girls they can hire until the new model limousines are ready next year!" said Mr. Merrison.

Sir George Cartyn stared, apparently half stunned with admiration.

"Merrison, you are a genuine genius!" he gasped.

Smiling, Rupert gazed round the room.

"Well, there's no time like the present," he said. "Let's get round to the Automobile Club and see Joe Everett. He'll buy them both and pay on the nail. He knows the cars—and he'll buy anything on tyres."

"Righto! And we take that bit of shootin' with the cash! Come on!"

They went.

IV.

Melisande Merrison and Adela Cartyn were lunching together next day. At least that had been their intention. But though they sat at a table, they were not eating.

They were merely talking in low tones of bitter fury.

"Rupert has sold the landaulet!" gasped Melisande. "Because I happened to say it was rather shabby!"

"The brute! And George has sold the coupé! Merely because I said I preferred limousines!"

"The wretch! Rupert has promised me one of the new model limousines next year."

"So has George. But I wish he had promised me the moon instead. One would feel more certain of getting it."

"I know!" Melisande sobbed with anger. "We shall have to take those filthy taxis everywhere now!"

"Yes. What are they doing with the money for the cars?"

"Oh, didn't George say? They're taking a huge shoot in Kent for the season!"

"Never!"

"It's true, Adela!"

There was a brief pause. Then, simultaneously, the ladies summed up their husbands——

"*Devils!*"

V.

From "Round the Town," by "Pauline Pry," in *The Daily Dope*":—

"I met Lord —— in Bond Street yesterday. He tells me that among the latest recruits to the big movement for economy are the beautiful Lady Adela Cartyn and her charming friend the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Merrison. Both ladies have public-spiritedly given up their cars. This is the right spirit. After all, the war has to be paid for."

ANOTHER "POST-WAR ECONOMISER"

WIFE: There, John, I knew you'ld be surprised. The man said they'd make lovely fish-baskets, and you know I've always wanted one. But they went in lots of twenty-five, and were ever so cheap—so I thought I'd better not miss them!"

By W. E. WIGFULL

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A New Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

"WHAT I want to rub in is this: The man who reads this in his armchair in the Athenæum Club would take it all quite differently if I could walk up and down in front of him and shake my fists in his face." This is a quotation from Lord Fisher's book, *Memories* (Hodder and Stoughton: 21*s.* net), which does much to explain a forthright, if very singular, production Lord Rosebery would describe it as frisky; others might dub it bombastic. It is a verbal smash, an outburst, likeable, lusty, interpretative of the man—its chief quality—bouncing, trouncing, too intensely sincere to be vulgar, sea-salty. But—it must never happen again.

⁂ ⁂

STORIES of King Edward never tire one, and the true ones are just as good as those which are more or less apochryphal. Lord Fisher knew him better than did most other men. I like to read of his Majesty's request: "Would you kindly leave off shaking your fist in my face?" They must have been fools, by the way, who wondered whether Lord Fisher was selling his country to the Hun. Many pages are given up to an explanation of his own views on the Dardanelles Expedition. In this outspoken book, however, as nearly always, discretion plays a big part. How really refreshing it would be to hear what Lord Fisher thinks of some of those people whose names are "household words." He is very loyal to his friends. McKenna, I notice, emerges in a particularly favourable light, as also does Churchill. The selection, too, of the Admiral's own letters to Lord Esher is interesting throughout, and in a final chapter there comes a series of "Things that please me," amongst which is one little gem. "Tact," writes Lord Fisher, "is insulting a man without his knowing it."

⁂ ⁂

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS is not one of those novelists who trade on their success and write far too much. His new book, *Hearts of Women* (Nash: 7*s.* net), is a short book of which it is necessary to read every word slowly and intently, if you intend to gain the full effect which he has devised for your pleasure. There is an intensely dramatic story which centres about five or six women, all feverishly caught up in this business of marriage, which since 1914 seems to be presenting its difficult problems more freely than ever before. With the exception of Hilary, all these women are in positions of unusual perplexity. Theo, bright, healthy Theo, goes her own way without hesitation, and it is her socially crystallised mother who arranges a suitable story to explain the beautiful child who is brought home from Italy. Ann, married to a beast—is he *too* beastly, I wonder?—has her one hour of life at a heartrending cost. Beatrice, torn this way and that, finally falls in with what would appear to be Mr. Roberts's own views. How dangerous it is to suppress natural impulses the new school of psychology is proving over and over again. The penalties of civilisation are sometimes so heavy as to make one despair of the future. Mr. Roberts gathers his threads into a most moving story. *Hearts of Women* is a book that is peculiarly attractive and forceful, grimly humorous and sympathetic, a genuine book which should not be missed.

⁂ ⁂

WHEN that excellent film of the Battle of the Somme was "released" for home consumption, there were some knowing souls who had visions of a camera safely implanted in a corner of some field at home. No operator would surely go down to the trenches and risk everything for a few hundred feet of film! And, indeed, some of the men in the trenches themselves were inclined to be disbelieving

OLIVER ASKS FOR MORE

By Phil de Layman

A NEW LITERARY LOG (*concluded*)

until, perchance, they met Lieut. Geoffrey Malins face to face and saw him at work. *How I Filmed the War* (Jenkins: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) is just the book you might have expected from so intrepid a man—full of an excitement which is in no way dimmed by the fact that the No Man's Land which he so often explored is now in the hands of its right owners. There are plenty of good stories, hair-breadth escapes, quaint little happenings—all modestly set forth with an abundance of photographs to add to their interest.

⁂ ⁂

On the lighter side of the War there was one book which I mentioned a few months ago. It was the work of a Frenchman, André Maurois, and had not then been translated. It succeeded in making us see ourselves as I suppose we are—at something near to our best. It was funny and true, and full of affection. And it is good to see that a translation has now been included in Mr. John Lane's "On Active Service Series." *The Silence of Colonel Bramble* (Lane: 5*s.* net) relates the experiences of a French interpreter attached to a Highland battalion. Every one of the officers is splendid: he seems quite naturally to stand for some particular side of our national character.

Photograph *Vandyk*

CAPTAIN ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI

The well-known author, who has been recently demobilised. He has just published a new novel "Catherine Doyle: The Romance of a Thrice-Married Lady"

⁂ ⁂

The course of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's new story, *A Man and his Lesson* (Hutchinson: 6*s.* 9*d.* net) will not be unfamiliar to you. Bryan Vaile falls in love with Diana Kenion, whose beauty and wit take London by storm. Like some other beauties, Diana wants rather more money than Bryan, not yet a successful dramatist, can give her. Very naturally indeed she becomes London's most prominent duchess. A readable book, if only because Mr. Maxwell is the author, but not his best. R. S.

The Graphic

On Saturday last *The Graphic* published the first of its five articles on France, by James Milne. This is written with such insight, sympathy, and observation, as forecasts lively and informing reading throughout the series, which treats of men and matters in France of importance to us all. This week Mr. Milne writes of President Poincaré.

POPE & BRADLEY
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THE COST OF CLOTHES

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I AM seldom serious . . . . for long. And so these notes will naturally be short.

I seldom write of clothes—it is such a serious subject . . . with men a very sombre one.

But since we are exhorted by the Powers That Think They Be to economise, I will deal with the cost.

The prices charged by this House are less than double those of pre-war. The minimum price before war for a lounge suit was six guineas, and the most expensive cashmeres about eight guineas. The minimum price now for a tweed suit is ten guineas, and for cashmeres from twelve to fourteen. And yet early this year I placed orders for sufficient woollen materials to make about £100,000 of suits at 160 per cent. increase on 1914 prices.

This is a cold statement of fact, and not a camouflage of figure juggling. And if the prices charged at present were reduced by 10 per cent. the Shareholder of Pope and Bradley, there is only one—myself—would be compelled to live on the unemployment dole or become a Cabinet Minister, or a Pharisee or a Publican or a Republican.

Now the prices charged by Pope and Bradley are for very good clothes. Compare them, please, with the prices charged for very bad beer.

The price of bad beer is about four times as much as it was pre-war for good beer. Which is equivalent to Pope and Bradley charging thirty-two guineas for a suit so bad that even a brewer would be ashamed to be seen wearing it in the suburbs on Sunday evening.

Compare also the price of "anæmic" Gin of Manchurian Beef of the beneficial Banana, or the feminine splotch of chiffon at twenty-five guineas—an unblushing figure that does not even conceal an unblushing figure.

These are problems for the Profiteering Tribunals when they eventually commandeer and sit in the British Museum.

And all the time the Government sardonically laughs, knowing itself the greatest Profiteer of all. For when their brains went wool-gathering up went the prices of clothes.

I will refrain from further argument lest this House be mistaken for a Philanthropic Institution—which it is not. It is merely a commercially moral establishment organised to provide the proprietor with occasional caviare and the Bureaucracy with a devil of a big Income Tax.

It is really quite a new emotion to feel comparatively virtuous. But, then virtue is always comparative.

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A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

"WHAT I want to rub in is this: The man who reads this in his armchair in the Athenæum Club would take it all quite differently if I could walk up and down in front of him and shake my fists in his face." This is a quotation from Lord Fisher's book, *Memories* (Hodder and Stoughton: 21*s.* net), which does much to explain a forthright, if very singular, production Lord Rosebery would describe it as frisky; others might dub it bombastic. It is a verbal smash, an outburst, likeable, lusty, interpretative of the man—its chief quality—bouncing, trouncing, too intensely sincere to be vulgar, sea-salty. But—it must never happen again.

❀ ❀

STORIES of King Edward never tire one, and the true ones are just as good as those which are more or less apochryphal. Lord Fisher knew him better than did most other men. I like to read of his Majesty's request: "Would you kindly leave off shaking your fist in my face?" They must have been fools, by the way, who wondered whether Lord Fisher was selling his country to the Hun. Many pages are given up to an explanation of his own views on the Dardanelles Expedition. In this outspoken book, however, as nearly always, discretion plays a big part. How really refreshing it would be to hear what Lord Fisher thinks of some of those people whose names are "household words." He is very loyal to his friends. McKenna, I notice, emerges in a particularly favourable light, as also does Churchill. The selection, too, of the Admiral's own letters to Lord Esher is interesting throughout, and in a final chapter there comes a series of "Things that please me," amongst which is one little gem. "Tact," writes Lord Fisher, "is insulting a man without his knowing it."

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MR. MORLEY ROBERTS is not one of those novelists who trade on their success and write far too much. His new book, *Hearts of Women* (Nash: 7*s.* net), is a short book of which it is necessary to read every word slowly and intently, if you intend to gain the full effect which he has devised for your pleasure. There is an intensely dramatic story which centres about five or six women, all feverishly caught up in this business of marriage, which since 1914 seems to be presenting its difficult problems more freely than ever before. With the exception of Hilary, all these women are in positions of unusual perplexity. Theo, bright, healthy Theo, goes her own way without hesitation, and it is her socially crystallised mother who arranges a suitable story to explain the beautiful child who is brought home from Italy. Ann, married to a beast—is he *too* beastly, I wonder?—has her one hour of life at a heartrending cost. Beatrice, torn this way and that, finally falls in with what would appear to be Mr. Roberts's own views. How dangerous it is to suppress natural impulses the new school of psychology is proving over and over again. The penalties of civilisation are sometimes so heavy as to make one despair of the future. Mr. Roberts gathers his threads into a most moving story. *Hearts of Women* is a book that is peculiarly attractive and forceful, grimly humorous and sympathetic, a genuine book which should not be missed.

❀ ❀

WHEN that excellent film of the Battle of the Somme was "released" for home consumption, there were some knowing souls who had visions of a camera safely implanted in a corner of some field at home. No operator would surely go down to the trenches and risk everything for a few hundred feet of film! And, indeed, some of the men in the trenches themselves were inclined to be disbelieving

OLIVER ASKS FOR MORE

By PHIL DE LAYMAN